

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

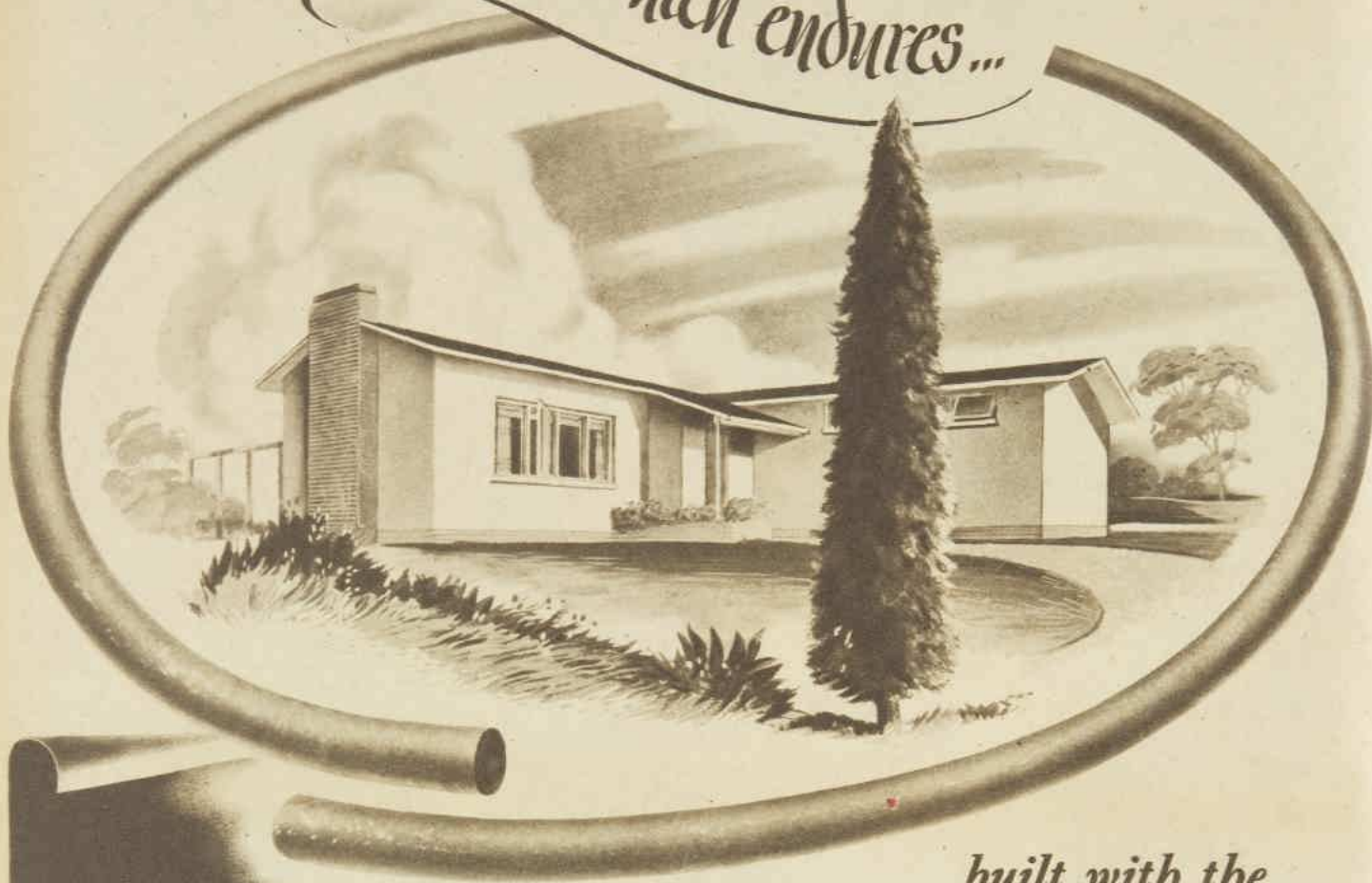


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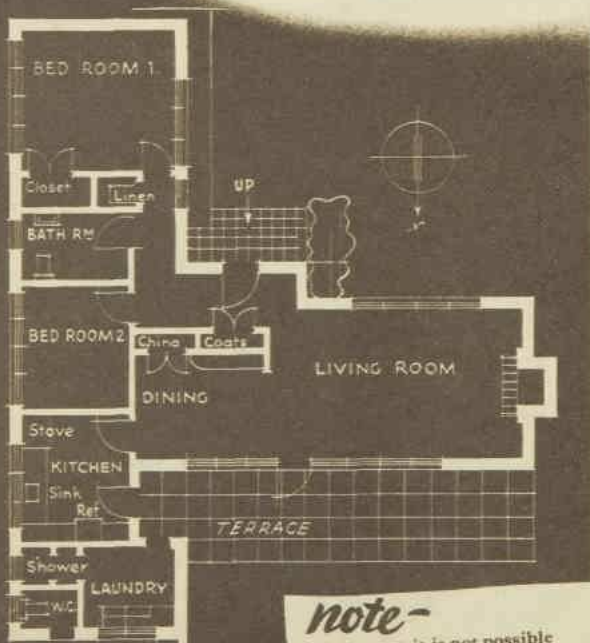
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the fragrant GHOST



"Someone was here," Leila said, obviously agitated.

WHEN Stephen said, "But you're Leila's only friend," I did not answer, thinking that friend was hardly the word to use in relation to Leila.

I knew Leila, but that was all. I had known her since we were at school together, and occasionally in the days when she had worked in Stephen's office I had had lunch with her, but we had never been really intimate. I don't think she had an intimate friend.

I watched Stephen as he stood staring out of the window, and wondered why he had married Leila, and why, before that, he had married Jacynth.

I remembered Jacynth coming into the office one day when I was there waiting for Leila. She had been exquisitely dressed as always, calm and rather remote. I had known her quite well for a long time, and she had stopped and chatted to me until Leila came. Then she had smiled at Leila and asked her how she was getting on, in a slightly over-sweet voice. When she was gone Leila smiled, a curious, reflective smile.

"Very lady of the manor," she had remarked, "since she got me this job."

I had not known that she had got Leila the job, but Leila explained that they were distantly related, and that an aunt of Leila's had written asking if Jacynth would help Leila to find a job and settle down in town.

Rather tactless of Jacynth to settle Leila down right under Stephen's nose, I thought, for Stephen was

and is an attractive man, and to call Leila attractive is putting it mildly. She has that sort of breathtaking loveliness which causes men to open their eyes and wives to narrow theirs. After all, I should not have been surprised at what Jacynth had done, because it was so exactly typical of her.

She had a sublime, unfailing belief in herself, and an emotional frigidity which made her invulnerable. If other women ran after Stephen, even succeeded in capturing his affections, it merely amused her. She was Stephen's wife and that was something that could not be taken from her. I don't think she ever loved Stephen, or anyone else, but she loved her possessions, and Stephen, though the least of those possessions, was still a necessary one. Without him she would not have had her beautiful home, her car, her exquisitely expensive clothes, or her position in society. So she kept him.

Even when Stephen's infatuation with Leila became so obvious that everyone knew about it, Jacynth remained completely calm. She had no intention of divorcing Stephen, and she made it quite clear that she had not. Once I saw her looking at Leila across the room, at a cocktail party, and her eyes were coldly amused, and her smile complacent.

Of course, Stephen wanted to leave Jacynth and go away with Leila, but neither she nor Jacynth wanted that. Stephen was the least of what they were fighting for. Leila wanted the things that Jacynth had, and was

determined to get them, and Jacynth was equally determined not to give them up. And how annoyed she must have been, I thought, when she found that by slipping on a wet street among traffic she had handed those possessions holus-bolus over to Leila.

As soon as he decently could after Jacynth's death Stephen had married Leila. I wondered if he had discovered yet that he had merely married another Jacynth. I had a feeling that Stephen's haggard face and the touches of grey in his hair were not alone due to Leila's long illness, contracted so soon after their honeymoon.

Stephen turned abruptly from the

and if she loved nothing else she loved life.

He turned back to the window and said: "It is pretty bad. Actually, nothing to do with her illness. The doctor says she's had this condition for some time. She may outlive all of us, too. Sometimes these cases do." His voice was cold and reserved, and I had no way of knowing what he was feeling, but in sudden sympathy for both of them, I said: "Of course, I'll come down for a while, Stephen. I can easily arrange to get away from the office. It was just—well... I haven't known Leila as well as you seem to think."

He gave me a curious look, and said in an oddly sympathetic voice, "I know." He looked as though he might have been going to say something else, but apparently he changed his mind, for after a moment's thought he asked me how soon I could come, and we talked casually about other things.

So a week later I drove out to Stephen's house. It was a lovely old house, surrounded by lawns sloping down to a small swimming-pool. It had belonged to Stephen's father, and must always have been lovely, but Jacynth had made it into a show place. I had not been there since a month or so before her death, and I wondered idly, as I walked from the garage to the house, what changes Leila had made in the interior decoration. But the house had not been changed at all.

It was Jacynth's home still, completely stamped with her personality.

I followed the maid up to my room,

By GENE DOWELL

window and interrupted my musings by saying: "I'd like you to come down. I don't feel that it's good for Leila being on her own all the time. And she isn't used to the inaction—she gets so bored." I was about to answer when he went on swiftly: "The doctor says her heart may go at any time—if she has a sudden shock, or too much exertion. Anything like that."

I stared at him, taken aback. "But—I thought—well, I had no idea it was so serious. Oh, Stephen!" I felt suddenly dreadfully sorry for him, and ashamed of the thoughts I had had a moment ago. No matter what I thought of Leila, he loved her, and was faced now with the prospect of losing her. And I felt a pang of sorrow, too, at the thought of Leila dying, for she was a lovely creature,

wondering as I went why Leila had not changed the house. I would have been the natural thing for any second wife to do, especially one who had hated the first wife as much as Leila had hated Jacynth. I had expected her to have the whole house changed, to wipe out the memory of Jacynth as completely as possible, but instead it was so much as it had always been that it was almost uncanny.

After I had washed and brushed my hair I went downstairs, still thinking of this, and found Leila's nurse waiting for me. She was a small, round-faced woman, with a pleasant smile, and she seemed pleased to see me, as though she, too, had been suffering from lack of company. She took me along to Leila's room, talking as we went, so that I did not notice until we were there that she was leading me to Jacynth's old room. Leila was there, in the double bed, looking as lovely as ever, although a little more fragile.

"Leila, it's good to see you again," I said, as I went toward her.

She smiled at me and remarked pleasantly on my new suit, but, as usual, I felt that she was not particularly interested either in me or my clothes. Almost at once she looked about the room and then at me.

"Well," she asked, "how do you like it?"

I didn't, and I told her so. This was Jacynth's room, exactly as she must have left it on that winter day when she went out shopping. Even the silver-backed mirror and brushes on the dressing-table seemed familiar.

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Page 3

"I've joined the ranks
of Critical Smokers
and now prefer
Black & White"



Which sleeve next?



As fashion comes into its own again, will designers revive the tiny puff sleeve of 1818? Or the wide-wristed style of 1857?



Perhaps they will return to the exaggerated leg-o'-mutton, or hark back to 1928, when sleeves disappeared altogether!

They may do none of these things. Fashion reflects the ideals and behaviour of its era and designers are responsive to progress in fabric creation. Already in the shops there are such lovely Tootal fabrics as the colour-woven rayon named LOMBIA. They're washable, soft-draping, sun-defying and branded



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Landscaped in JAPAN



VALLEY IN HIRO, six miles from Kure, near Brindie officers' lines. The river winds through rich flats planted in neat vegetable gardens. Jap children play in the shallow stream. Photographs on this and opposite page were taken by our staff photographer BILL BRINDLE.



KIN TAI BRIDGE over the Monzen River, near Iwakuni, where BCOF headquarters is situated. Bridge, built of wood, is 600 years old. Australian soldier tourists watch Japs crossing the bridge on foot. It is unsafe for heavy traffic, although it has been reinforced with concrete piers.



KNEELING, woman pleads for return of son. Hands shading eyes signify weeping, mask is traditional female mask.



"BOAT BODYGUARD," musical Noh drama. Girl dances the story of a sword-armed bodyguard who protects a general in exile haunted by his mistress, who had committed suicide.

Traditional drama in Tokio

NOH drama, Japan's thousand-year-old classic formalised drama, still has a following among educated Japanese. Originally the pastime of noblemen, it is kept alive by schools which teach it. Actors are trained from childhood. Heavy drama is relieved by comedy and the play is interpreted with traditional gestures, stylised speaking voices, and chanting.

These pictures were taken by our staff photographer Bill Brindle at the Kanze school of Noh drama in Tokio on the Emperor's birthday.



AUDIENCE seated on floor includes Sgt. G. McGinniss (Tas.) and P.F.C. M. Bulard, of Utah, U.S.A.



GHOST OF SON returns—a wild, long-haired figure. Play ends happily as ghost goes back to rest.

"THE SNAIL," comic piece. Two servants, sent by their lord to get him a snail, mistake travelling priest (left) for a snail. Audience find ensuing argument extremely funny.



CHILD dancing and singing (right). These formal dancing interludes are posture training for future Noh actors and actresses.



AFTER THE SHOW audience put on their shoes, which were left on rack at left, before they leave the playhouse.



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INVITATION FROM THE BOSS

...By...
DWIGHT HUTCHISON

There was a surprise awaiting Rosemary, and one that brought her life's greatest happiness.

FIVE minutes to nine. Twenty long minutes to wait before he would arrive at the office. Rosemary propped the little mirror on her typewriter and looked into it unhappily. She wasn't displeased with her appearance—it wasn't her own looks she was worried about, it was hers. His wife's.

What did Mrs. John Anthony Parks look like? It was impossible to guess anything from seeing him.

In the six weeks she had been his secretary there had been almost no clues. The two little boys sat on his desk in a silver frame, but there was no picture of her. Odd. Or maybe not. His wife never came in; he never talked about her.

Shortly after she took the job he gave his wife a fabulous fitted dressing-case. Birthday or anniversary of something. You could start with that and get nowhere. Except that it had initials. G.D.P.

She could be Grace and wear her hair in plaits round her head, or she could be Gloria. Skirts too short, spike heels, silver fox jacket, and a single rose for a hat. Or she could be Gertrude and very bossy. The awful thing about it all, the utterly unendurable thing, was that Rosemary herself combined all the best points of Grace, Gertrude, and Gloria. She wasn't merely good-looking and smart; she had brains. Oh, why do men marry before they meet the right girl?

She fell in love with John the day she applied for the job, but, never having been in love before, she didn't know what was wrong. She knew he was simply a darling, and that it would be heaven to work for him. She knew he had slightly pumpled eyebrows, winder and true eyes, a firm, fearless chin, and a sense of humor.

She thought about him all the way home and eventually diagnosed it. She was in love with her boss before she even started her job.

The fitted case happened right away—so she knew the wife was in the office. The phone rang and a feminine voice asked for him. Definitely Grace. He said, "Hullo, dear yes, I got the tickets. But be sure to bring that hearing gadget of yours. We're in the tenth row."

Rosemary made a face at her typewriter. So-o-o-o. Like that! But, of course, it turned out to be his mother. Then she suddenly thought: maybe the bag was for his mother; G for grandma. Anyway, the important thing was there might be no wife. Death or divorce or something. Be still, my heart!

But, of course, crash... she phoned the next day. An entirely different voice. "Yes, dear," he said, "tell the boys I'll bring the football without fail to-night."

It was time for him to arrive. Each day her condition was worse. She paced the floor nights. Arguing with herself! I can't stand it. I'll get another job. No, I won't. I'd rather suffer and be with him. Or—I'll jump out of the window.

Someone was coming down the hall. Not he. Someone else. He. Her heart did elevator drops and heavy rolls.

"Good morning, Miss Eastbrook."

"Good morning, Mr. Parks."

He had come from home. Did Grace drive him to the station and kiss him good-bye? Not knowing was tearing Rosemary to pieces. Something seemed to be out of the ordinary this morning. He took off his hat and overcoat and then he stood looking at her. And he seemed excited. "Miss Eastbrook," he said, "we were wondering, that is, Mrs. Parks was wondering if you had

any plans for Sunday? She suggested that I ask you if you would care to spend the day with us out in the country."

She was stupefied at both the invitation and his self-consciousness. "Dear Rosemary, please cum to my party." That was his expression.

"Why no, no, I have no plans for the day," she said. "I'd love to come. How sweet of you—and of her—to ask me." But would she love to come? Could she bear to see him at home with his wife?

He still stood smiling down at her. "Mrs. Parks wondered if perhaps—she thought you might have some friend—some young man—a day in the country—." He was making an awful mess of it.

"That's very thoughtful of her. But no, there isn't anyone."

"Good," he exploded, and then, incredulously, blushed. "I mean I'm glad you can come. The country is beautiful now."

What was going on? Perhaps Grace was Gloria, and was suspicious about her husband's secretary. But no—when wives get suspicious they drop into husbands' offices unexpectedly and look things over. She was just good old Grace. She probably always asked her husband's secretaries out after just six weeks.

She would give Rosemary advice about taking care of her husband, and warn her that Mr. Parks was terribly absent-minded. Oh, how I hate wives, Rosemary thought. And oh, if I only were one!

He told her four times which train to take. "You won't miss that 11.32, will you, because there isn't another train until 2.10."

"Oh, no, I won't miss it."

"It arrives at, just a minute, here it is—11.32." Their two heads bent over the time-table. "Here is our station—12.39. I'll meet you at 12.39." What on earth! He was behaving curiously—well, interested, to say the least. What would Grace say? Rosemary couldn't help feeling guilty, but it wasn't her fault.

In the train she closed her eyes and anticipated. His home would be a remodelled farmhouse, the big living-room slightly shabby. There would be dogs, of course. Chickens, perhaps. Grace would be making a rug for the guest-room.

The train stopped, she got out palpitating, and there he was. He came towards her, grinning.

"Hullo, hullo, Mr. Parks. Hullo, boys." The boys were waiting in the car.

"Glad you caught the train," he said cheerfully, taking the suitcase from her. "Wonderful day, isn't it? This is Paul, and this is Littlejohn. This is Miss Eastbrook, boys." No Grace.

The country was beautiful with the sun sparkling on everything. Or perhaps the country only seemed beautiful. Perhaps it was a dark, lowering day, and what sparkled was love.

John pointed out the town's features. "This is our town hall. Dances sometimes—W.V.S.—that sort of thing." Gloria dances there.

"Take your choice. This is the picture show. Do you like this kind of town? Nothing pretentious."

Well, you explain it, she couldn't. Was she his secretary out for the day, or was she in the market for a bungalo? Still, if real estate agents looked at you as John was looking at her, sales would boom.

They were the happiest little family that ever bowed over country roads. And then they turned into the driveway of an old farmhouse. Just what she had expected—a bit more ramshackle perhaps, but it had Grace written all over it.



"Have to get some eggs here," John said and leaped out.

Okay, Grace, you fooled me that time, she thought.

The minute John was inside she turned to the boys. It was fair to pry, just a little. "I suppose your mother is home getting dinner," she said, not too interested.

Yelps of laughter. "No-o-o, she can't cook."

"She's over at the Goodwins having cocktails."

"Only we don't call her mother."

"We call her Gay."

"Her name is Gabrielle, but everyone says just Gay."

Rosemary reeled under this avalanche of information, but John came out before she could clear anything up. She would now have to start right over from the beginning. Not Grace so busy with her bottling that John fell in love with his secretary but, Gay, off drinking cocktails all day. Poor darling John!

In that case, Rosemary would have no compunction whatever against continuing to love. There would be scenes. All right, there would be scenes. John was not going to have his life ruined by such a woman.

"Glad you caught the train," he said cheerfully, taking the suitcase from her.

Almost immediately they turned into another drive and ahead was a handsome little house. Smart and modern sculptured llex trees in tubs, stone figures, cobblestone courtyard. For just a second Rosemary was annoyed at John. Why do men have to be so unrelenting about their backgrounds? She hated being continually surprised. It was as though this wife of John's were making a fool of her.

A young girl let them in. "Has Mrs. Parks come back?" John asked.

"No, Mr. Parks, but Madame Parks is in the morning-room."

"Sorry," John said to Rosemary. "Gay had to see some friends, in town just for the day. She'll be right along. We'll go and meet mother."

The house was beautiful—formal but not unlivable. Polished boards in the hall, scarlet stair carpet, white lilac growing from a pot on the floor up the stair well. Exquisite furnishings arranged with taste and originality. John's mother

was perfect. Dignified. Charming. Friendly. She knew Rosemary's name, and who she was, but soon excused herself. She was of the family, but not the dominant member.

Suddenly the boys called: "Here she comes."

Rosemary and John had just discovered that they both loved the same book and they were beaming at each other idiotically. It wasn't the perfect time for a wife to walk in. Watch yourself, Rosemary, old girl.

She and John walked out to the front door. A boy on a bicycle was coming up the drive. Only, of course, it wasn't a boy. She was slender and blonde and she wore grey shorts—fitted English schoolboy shorts—and a white wool jacket. She leaped from the bicycle and threw it casually on the lawn.

"Where is she?" she called. "Did she come?"

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Land of the TORREONES

By C. BUDINGTON KELLAND

KELSEY BOBBS seated herself before the mirror, removed the darkly tinted tortoiseshell spectacles from her nose, and leaned forward to study her eyes. She was displeased with what she saw. Her lips were pathetically bitter.

"Botheration," she said softly, and clapped her glasses back on with a savage gesture. It was as if she had put out the flame of a candle with an extinguisher. Another face with a different character looked at her from the mirror—a muffled face, an obscured face.

The change was startling. But it seemed to soothe Kelsey somehow.

Kelsey bathed and dressed, putting on a dinner-gown that was severe rather than youthful or feminine, then went out into the living-room of the apartment, where her father sat ready to receive dinner guests. He peered at her with that questioning look that always marked his face when she came into a room.

It was a troubled look. He did not

understand his daughter. Something had come between them, some barrier had arisen since she went away to school an adolescent girl who romped with him, and came home again wearing glasses and reticence and an intangible armor.

"I hope you'll not be bored to-night," he said at length.

"I shan't," she assured him.

"Mr. Wells is a very old gentleman," said Mr. Bobba. "He must be approaching ninety. But alert."

"The older the better," Kelsey said.

"He came to Arizona as a child. Think of it! Nearly eighty years in this country!"

Kelsey had no reply to make to this. She was saved the trouble of trying to frame one by the arrival of the first guests—Roy Morton, who operated the great Palladium copper mines for the International Copper Company, and his wife, Laura.

The next to arrive were Maxton Howland, head of a chain of newspapers that stretched from New York City to the Rocky Mountains, and his vivacious wife, Cora. Kelsey had known them at home.

"Where," asked Bobba, "is young Bronson?"

"Slipped through my fingers," said Laura Morton

refully. "I thought I had him caged in his room. That boy."

"He'll show up," said her husband, Laura sniffed. "To-morrow night, probably, and then at some other dinner. He exasperates me. I should have chained him."

Outside, the elevator door clanged and then the bell rang.

Mr. Bobbs admitted the most impressive man Kelsey had ever seen. He was enormous. Great shoulders supported a splendid head, topped by a mane of crinkly white hair. In spite of his age, his figure was erect, and though his movements were not spry they did not indicate the infirmity of more than four-score years. He was a personage.

"Evening, Bobbs," he said in a firm voice that had not lost its resonance.

"Delighted to see you, Wells. You know these people—all but my daughter Kelsey."

"Know everybody. Penalty of old age. The longer you live the more people you know." He was a direct old man. He shook hands with each member of the party and then marched to the davenport where Kelsey sat and lowered himself beside her. He looked her up and down.

"What do you wear those dark glasses for?" he boomed. "Eye trouble?"

"Eye trouble," she answered.

"Serious?" he wanted to know.

Her lip twitched in the hint of a smile that was not mirthful. "At least inconvenient," she said.

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"I'll bet there's nothing wrong with them," he snorted. "It's a fad. Take 'em off. Take 'em off! There's no nourishment talking to a woman with blinkers on."

"I'm afraid, then," she said, and contrived that the words should not be discourteous, "that you'll have to go hungry."

"Your hospitality has its limits," he said, and smiled hugely.

"Definite limits," she answered.

"How old are you, young lady?" he wanted to know.

"Twenty-one."

"My wife was sixteen when I married her," he said. "Been to college?"

"Smith," she answered.

"My wife," he said, "could read and write real good. Her learning was a different kind. She could swing a sharp axe. She could load a pack mule. She could get you as good a meal over a campfire as you can buy in the Waldorf. But that wasn't the best. She could love you so you were content and never turned your thoughts to another woman."

He grunted. "Your father's president of this International Copper Company, so you were born with a silver spoon gripped in your mouth. Not your fault. You look strong."

"I'm always well," Kelsey said.

"I'm quite strong."

"All but your eyes," he said. "From too much studying?"

"From," she said, "too much being studied."

"Maybe that makes sense. Everything a smart woman says makes sense if you can understand it. Light hurt your eyes?"

"No," she said a bit sharply. "Please let us not talk about them."

"When a man," he said, "gets to be ninety, he can have bad manners and curiosity. I'll venture you haven't a squint. My wife had eyes. When you saw her, that's all you saw,

She's been dead these twenty years, but her eyes are still alive." He smiled almost gently as he remembered them.

"One way and another, I had a sight of trouble on account of them."

Kelsey leaned forward eagerly.

"What sort of trouble?" she asked.

"I had to take steps with a number of men," he said a bit grimly. "Her eyes gave rise to misconceptions that I had to correct."

"What were they like?" she asked with a sort of avidness. "What color? What were they like?"

"Sort of Chinese," he said slowly, "or Egyptian. Tipped up at the corners. And the color was amethyst, only soft and deep."

Kelsey stood up suddenly. "Come with me," she said, and he followed her into her bedroom. Neither of them was aware of the surprised glances that this abruptness caused. In her bedroom, Kelsey faced him under the light. She snatched off her glasses and turned up her face so that he could see.

"Were they," she asked, "like this?"

He peered down at her. His great, gnarled hands gripped into fists and he drew a breath deeply.

"Martha! Martha!" he said, as if in the presence of a ghost. And then, as if coming back from a great distance, he said in a more natural voice, "They were like that, my dear—like that. I hope you find a man like I used to be—a man who can protect his claim."

"No one but you," Kelsey said, "has seen them for two years." She smiled wanly. "So, you see, the glasses are not a fad." Then she touched his arm urgently. "Was she terribly unhappy? Did it spoil her life?"

"It could have done so," he said, "but I was always there. Put them on again."

He turned and strode out of the bedroom, and she came after him, erect, chin high, not comforted, not hating her eyes less than she had done, but strangely affected by what Wells had told her about Martha.

As they seated themselves again, Mrs. Morton said briskly, "Don't wait any longer for Bronson. He's disappeared into the great silence. Drat that boy!"

"Very well," Kelsey's father said. "We will start dinner. When he comes, he can catch up with us."

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"You have very bad manners," Kelsey said indignantly.

Leonard James Green

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 15, 1946
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Courtaulds

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New clothes are an event these days and it is wise to buy for quality. You will therefore find it advantageous to purchase dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayon. If you prefer to make your own things at home, the lovely rayon fabrics made from Courtaulds yarns provide quality and service as well as beauty. Courtaulds rayon is still available, although the quantity is restricted.



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The Fragrant Ghost

Continued from page 3

I SAID, "I should think you'd want it altered. Surely Stephen would have it done if you wanted it. It seems..." I stopped, searching for a word that described the faint repulsion I felt at the sight of Leila propped up on the pillows in a bedroom that was so definitely Jacynth's property. "Unnatural," I concluded, weakly. Leila laughed. There was a small, triumphant note in her laughter and it was that which gave me the clue to her behaviour.

"But Jacynth had marvellous taste," she said. "She really did. How could I improve on it?"

Her tone was slightly mocking, and I answered her in the same vein. "I don't think you could," I told her. "But I think you should try."

She said, "But I don't intend to." I kept my voice carefully matter-of-fact and casual. "Well, I don't suppose it matters if you really like it this way. After all, Jacynth doesn't know."

Again Leila laughed, a soft chuckle of delight, and yet behind her laughter I seemed to catch a note of tension. "But how she would mind if she did know," she murmured softly.

I knew that she had always hated Jacynth, but I did not dream that she would let it sway her to such an extent that she would want to live in this house, exactly as Jacynth had left it, glorying in the feeling of triumph she obtained from thinking how much Jacynth would have minded. It seemed childish, and at the same time horrible and unreal. And suddenly I saw that Leila, too, had been cheated of something when Jacynth died. She had lived in hopes of humiliating Jacynth. She would never have done it, but she had believed that she could, and now that she had what she had striven for she could not accept the fact that Jacynth was not there to be triumphed over. She was beating her head against the wall of death in her frustration.

Leila leaned forward. "Sometimes I think she does know," she murmured. I started and felt the palms of my hands become clammy. Here, in this house, it was very easy to believe that Jacynth might know. I felt an impulse to look over my shoulder, but instead I said shortly, "I think you're being childish. You'll get yourself into a nervous state if you keep this up. Besides, it isn't fair to Stephen. I don't suppose he wants to be reminded about Jacynth all the time."

Leila said, "Oh, Stephen..." in a bored voice, and lay back again. I could see by her expression that I had offended her, and I was glad when the nurse came in, with medicine and glasses on a tray, to tell me that it was time for Leila's afternoon sleep.

I went away feeling annoyed, and with an exasperated feeling that I should have boxed Leila's ears and told her not to talk nonsense. Surely a box on the ears would not affect Leila's heart, and it might give her a little commonsense. But I doubted it.

I walked out into the garden feeling soothed by the beauty of the day and looking about for a place to sit. I stopped to admire a rosebush, and from there let my gaze roam idly over the view and back to the house again. I could see the wide windows of Leila's room, and on the stone ledge of one a large grey cat was sleeping. I recognised it as belonging to Stephen's Aunt Celia, and with a start of recollection realised that Aunt Celia must still be living here.

Aunt Celia was one of the permanent fixtures of the house. She had lived there all her life, and Stephen was very fond of her. Jacynth, I remembered, had rather resented her, but had agreed that it would have been impossible to send her away. I was disturbed in my thoughts by Leila's voice, uplifted and querulous, floating through the window. I could not distinguish the words, but the cause of it was soon made clear. The nurse came out and lifted the cat from the window and carried him across the lawn. She dumped him down on the grass,

and he stalked away in dignified offence, his tail held high. The nurse sniffed and looked at me with a humorous expression. "He goes smelly," she said, "and Mrs. Bennett can't bear him."

An hour later, coming back from the sunny seat by the swimming-pool where I had been dozing, I saw the cat. He was back on the window-sill again, but Leila was evidently asleep. As I watched, he got up, stretched himself, and dived through into the bedroom. I decided to go and get him out. If Leila woke up and found him there she would be annoyed, and there was no point in letting her excite herself.

I opened the door quietly and slipped in, but the cat must have been waiting to come out, for he ran past my ankles into the passage. And suddenly Leila sat up in bed. Half awake, she leaned forward, searching with sleep-dazed eyes each corner of the room, her face ashen white. When she saw me she said in a questioning, frightened voice, like a small child. "Someone was here?" in obvious agitation.

I said reassuringly, "Only me. I just came in to get the cat out. I saw him jump in through the window."

She leaned back with a sigh, and for a moment her face was blank with relief. Then her brow creased in irritation. "That cat!" she said, "and that old woman! I could kill them both—snoring about looking at me. And Stephen won't hear of them going." She raised her voice in angry mimicry: "Oh, no. Dear Aunt Celia must stay here, and it would break her heart if anything happened to the cat. I asked her to keep the cat out of here one day, and do you know what she said?" She sat up straight and looked at me in remembered anger. "She said, 'But Jacynth used to let him come in her bedroom. Jacynth liked him.' Jacynth!"

I said, "But, after all, she's old, Leila. She was much older than Stephen's father. She must be terribly old. I don't think she understands everything properly."

"If you mean she's mad," said Leila, "I agree. She steals things, too."

I looked at her blankly, visions of Aunt Celia with a swag and a mask flitting grotesquely through my mind. "Kleptomania," Leila explained. "I missed my compact once, just after I came here, before I was ill. And when I told Stephen about it he went off without a word and got it back for me. Of course, he had to tell me about it then. She's been like that for ages. You'd think that would be reason enough for packing her off. Suppose she took things from guests. But Stephen says she doesn't—only things she finds about the house. As though there's any difference."

"But you can't turn her out, really," I objected. "She's so old and she's been here for such ages."

"I don't see why not," Leila returned. "That was the trouble with Leila. She never did see why not. 'I'll get rid of her yet, though,' she added. 'And she knows it.'"

"Surely," I asked, "you haven't said anything to Aunt Celia about it?"

Leila laughed. "Of course not, only to Stephen. But she knows just the same. I can tell by the way she looks at me."

As I sat there with her the house woke up from its mid-afternoon drowse. The nurse came back from the walk which she usually took each afternoon while Leila slept, and the maid came with the afternoon tea-things, and for a while I felt more cheerful. But I could not help thinking about the way in which Leila seemed to surround herself with unrest. This house should have been a lovely, peaceful place, yet there was disquietude in it, and an unhealthy undercurrent of hate and jealousy, which I felt, though I could not define it. I wondered how it was possible to keep Leila free from shocks and exertions, when she carried her violence within her.

Please turn to page 25

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"nipped-in" waist... in
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• ELEANOR PARKER, lovely star from Warner's, models a dignified simple black crepe dinner frock and long-sleeved lace jacket.

• RITA HAYWORTH photographed by Coburn wearing a beautiful, sophisticated, white-and-gold midriff dinner-gown. The high neck is closely embroidered with gold beads to match the cuffs.



Fashions from films

• PATRICIA ROC, brought to Hollywood from England by Universal, shows effectively a satin frock for the ingenue type. The simple blue evening gown has a satin skirt and bodice, to which a demure net yoke is applied. Pat avoids jewellery and flowers with this frock.

• ELLA RAINES, Universal star, is in full glamorous array with an ice-blue and silver heavy brocade evening frock. The pleated frill round the low-cut bodice matches a similar frill round the hips. Flowers are tucked in the bodice, which has shoestring shoulder-straps.

The Australian Women's Weekly—
June 15, 1946
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Weather Winter Warmly

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Doctor Sze's Buddha

Complete short story by . . .

PAUL HUGHES



He picked up the idol and hurled it with all his strength at the Jap.

THE large green Buddha, carved of stone, sat on the table and regarded eternally Doctor Sze sat on the floor nearby. The boys made little distinction between them, except that it was Doctor Sze who spoke and the Buddha who remained silent.

"What is one to attain?" Doctor Sze inquired.

"One is to attain nirvana," the two boys answered together.

"And what is nirvana?" the doctor asked.

"Nirvana," they intoned in unison, "is the sweet peace of oblivion."

"And how does one attain nirvana?"

"One attains nirvana," they replied, "by laying aside the self."

They almost choked on the final answer, for they remembered that Doctor Sze's one reprimand was: "Lay aside the self!" Whenever they were greedy or loud or in some other way consenting to the demands of the flesh, Doctor Sze was sure to know it and to exclaim, "Lay aside the self!"

They sat cross-legged on the floor before the teacher and the Buddha. The elder scholar was seven years old, the younger was six. They showed great respect for Doctor Sze. But sometimes privately they giggled.

For Doctor Sze was the soul of old propriety. He kept always at hand a copy of the ancient Book of Correct Behaviour. He sat just so, wearing the prescribed robe in exactly the right way, and the large green Buddha, carved of stone, remained forever on the table beside him.

The scholars considered Doctor Sze a Buddha carved of flesh. The bombings had killed half his pupils; others had fled to the south with their families, but the doctor seemed not to notice. Now the city was garri-soned by foreign troops, but Doctor Sze went on teaching his two students. He was quite as aloof to

the world as the stone idol beside him.

It was only yesterday, after the lesson, that the elder scholar had said, "Doctor Sze remembers only what happened more than three thousand years ago."

And the younger, agreeing, had responded, "He does not even know the difference between a Mitsubishi Zero and a Sento KI-601."

Doctor Sze turned to the writing lesson. The younger scholar brought out a pig rib on which a little meat remained. He began to gnaw on it. Doctor Sze seemed to sense this breach rather than see it. At once he exclaimed, "Lay aside the self."

The scholar was chastened; the rib disappeared. Doctor Sze made a slight obeisance in the direction of the Buddha.

There was a sudden beating on the door.

The scholars' excited eyes were on Doctor Sze, then on the door, then on Doctor Sze again. The old man sat a moment, absently reflecting. Then reluctantly he rose and went to the door and opened it. Both pupils gasped as they saw one of the foreign soldiers standing there.

The soldier was well built, and rather tall for his race. There was frankness, even friendliness, in his eyes. And he carried an Arisaka rifle, thrusting the tip of the bayonet near Doctor Sze's chest.

"Come in, come in," said Doctor Sze.

The visitor hesitated in the doorway before he stepped inside. The master courteously closed the door behind him.

Noting the insignia on the uniform, the elder scholar whispered to the younger, "He is a sergeant."

"I know, I know," the younger answered.

The sergeant walked about the room a moment, casually. Then he seemed to take a firm grip on himself, and he shouted in the doctor's own tongue: "The arms factory, wrecked by the traitors, has

been repaired. By order of the commanding general—" He paused, observing that the teacher was not listening to him.

During the pause, Doctor Sze remarked, looking at the wall, "I am sorry we are so ill-prepared for visitors. But we have got some tea. It would take only a few moments."

The sergeant seemed distressed. He struggled with himself. Presently he said, "I thank you. But I have no time for tea." Then he took a firm grip on himself again. He began, "By order of the commanding general, the arms factory—"

But Doctor Sze had gone into the adjoining room to make preparations for tea. The sergeant and the scholars looked at one another. Then Doctor Sze shuffled back again.

Doctor Sze said, "I am very sorry. I just remember that we have no tea. And no fire, either."

"The commanding general—"

"We have a little water. Not enough, though. And even if we had more water, there would still be the matter of the tea—and the fire."

The sergeant grew red in the face, and loud. "I must insist that I be treated with respect!"

Doctor Sze looked up, surprised. Then, comprehension lighting his face, he said, "Oh, do forgive me. It was quite forgetful of me. My name is Doctor Sze. These are my students."

The sergeant nodded. "How do you do? I am Sergeant Toyura," he said, then resumed in a softer voice. "The arms factory, wrecked by the traitors, has now been repaired. The commanding general has ordered that I am to bring workmen."

"We were just continuing our lesson when you came," Doctor Sze replied distantly. "Soon we will recite some passages from the Book of Correct Behaviour. You must hear the boys do that. Especially the part—"

Please turn to page 35

A Beauty —
yet 10 days ago she went unnoticed!



Make this thrilling change in your Complexion with to-day's **Erasmic Creams**

10 DAYS AGO

It seems like a miracle! In only 10 days a smoother, clearer complexion—without expensive massage or face packs! Yet thousands of women are bringing new glamour and interest into their lives by this simple 10-day beauty care. Here's all you do:

1. Each morning (and whenever you make up) put your powder over a glamourising foundation of ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM. Then you'll radiate loveliness for hours. A precious ingredient has now been added to make Erasmic Vanishing Cream softer, lighter and spread amazingly fast.
2. Each night smooth luscious ERASMIC COLD CREAM into

your skin. It's now a specially deep cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions . . . softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.
4. Into your now-immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price 1/2 each—get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

E.4.38



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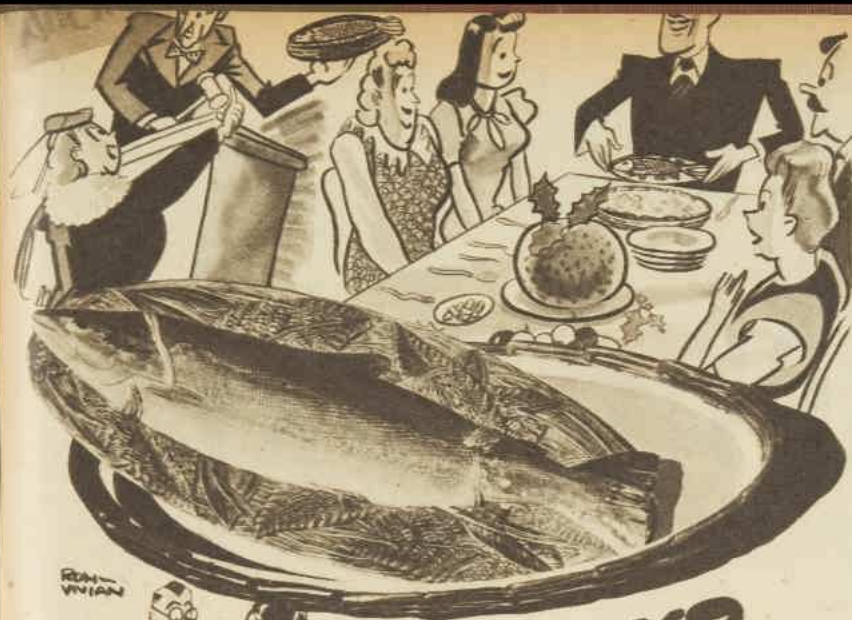
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*A Dependable Foundation
for Good Knitting...* **LINCOLN**
of course!

The illustration depicts a woman with dark hair and a headband, wearing a purple short-sleeved top and a black skirt, sitting on a tall stack of four large wool bales. The bales are colored green, brown, blue, and pink from top to bottom. She is holding blue knitting needles and a yellow ball of yarn. Several small rectangular labels with designs are attached to the bales. Surrounding her are various knitted items floating in the air: a pair of tan socks, a red sweater, a yellow sweater, a blue dress, a striped scarf, and a pair of tan gloves. The background is a light blue sky with stylized white clouds.

LINCOLN MILLS
dependable
KNITTING WOOLS
MAKE KNITTING A PLEASURE



OUR FRIEND FISH

as much a ceremony as the drinking of a toast to absent friends.

When we knew we were leaving New Zealand to come to Sydney we began to sort out our belongings, and decided that, for tradition's sake, Fish must make the journey. He was packed with the rest of our china.

The men from the carrying company looked at him curiously, and wrapped him in thick brown paper.

"They even did him the honor of marking him 'China,'" This precaution did not save him, and when we unpacked at our new home his bowl was broken to pieces.

The Lloyd's man watched the unpacking, but the only things damaged besides Fish were a two-way switch worth about 3/6 and the glass of a test-frame belonging to my daughter. Fish was a problem for the insurance man. He'd never seen anything like him before. Neither had we for that matter.

"What do you think it's worth?" he said.

I knew my mother-in-law had paid 10/- for him, but that was twenty years ago, so he'd probably be worth about 30/- to-day.

I said, "I don't know exactly. I know you couldn't replace him. Say about £2."

The insurance man looked a bit doubtful, but he picked up Fish, shattered bowl and all, and wrapped him in his raincoat so that he wouldn't lose any of the pieces. "I'll have the switch repaired," he said. "And get you a new sheet of glass for your frame, and, if this bowl isn't worth mending, I'll replace it for you with a nice fruit bowl."

I told him to be sure to bring back Fish's top, because, though he wasn't worth much, we had a sort of affection for him. I couldn't help calling Fish "him," and the insurance man looked rather startled.

Still, his look seemed to say, "They're New Zealanders, and perhaps they're all a bit queer."

With a promise to let us know when he had the switch he left us to our settling-in.

The next morning the telephone rang. It was our friend, the insurance man.

"You know that fish thing I took away last night?" he said, and I thought his voice sounded a bit queer.

"Well, I took it to a pal of mine, a china repairer."

"Yes," I said. "Can he really mend him? It would be grand if he could, because there's nothing quite like him for holding fruit salad."

"He can mend him all right," said the insurance man, and this time he actually said "him."

"That part of it's all right, but do you know what he's worth? He's made of very old Italian pottery, and my pal would give you £100 for him to-morrow!"

So Fish was mended—mended so beautifully that there's no sign of his trans-Tasman adventure. I filled him with water and he didn't leak, so I know he'll be all right for fruit salad.

I'd hate to lose him, but even if he is destroyed he's well insured. Our insurance man has fixed up a special policy for him for £100.

Fish had become so much a personality in the insurance man's and my conversations that I was quite surprised when I opened the long envelope to find that he hadn't sent Fish a life policy.

EVERYBODY laughed at Fish, but my mother-in-law was fond of him. She bought him after the last war when old Mackinnon's things were auctioned. There was no competition and Fish was knocked down for ten shillings.

When the old home in Invercargill was broken up, Fish was given to Hugh and me. No one else would have him.

Fish had personality—that was why we called him Fish, and not "the fish dish" or "the fish basket." He might have been called either.

He was made of china and was in two parts—the bottom half was made of pottery—a perfect representation of a long oval in shape, lined with cyclamen-colored glaze.

The top, on a flat base of china ferns, was a lifelike trout with every spot and scale faithfully modelled and colored.

The whole thing was about two feet long and weighed at least ten pounds.

We were quite pleased to have Fish, but what to do with him was a problem. In the end we kept him on the sea-chest, where he certainly caught the eye.

Explaining him to sticky visitors filled in many an awkward gap in the conversation. Alice, from the downstairs flat, was his staunch supporter. She longed to see his bottom-half filled with roses.

On Christmas Day Fish came into his own. Everyone seemed to come to us for Christmas. Besides our own families, Alice and Phillip always had dinner with us, and odd friends, alone in the city, swelled the numbers.

The dinner followed a set pattern. We always had lamb, and I still laugh when I remember my mother-in-law's remark, "My dear, I've never seen a finer leg." There was always Christmas pudding and fruit salad.

Fruit salad for twelve or so needs a big bowl, and Fish's bowl was just the thing. Fish, full of fruit salad, became part of our family tradition. The salad was always served with an old silver punch ladle bearing the crest of the 73rd Regiment.

Cousin Emma looked as if she might burst whenever she saw the ladle, because it had belonged to an ancestor of ours, and somehow, we, a younger branch of the family, had inherited it.

It was Cousin Emma whose recipe for a successful marriage was that "The young people should be of the same race, the same creed, and the same class."

And the greatest of these was undoubtedly class! The serving of the salad from Fish was a ceremony—

By . . .
MARJORIE WINGFIELD

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 15, 1946



"I'm particular about cigarettes"

"Me too,—that's why"



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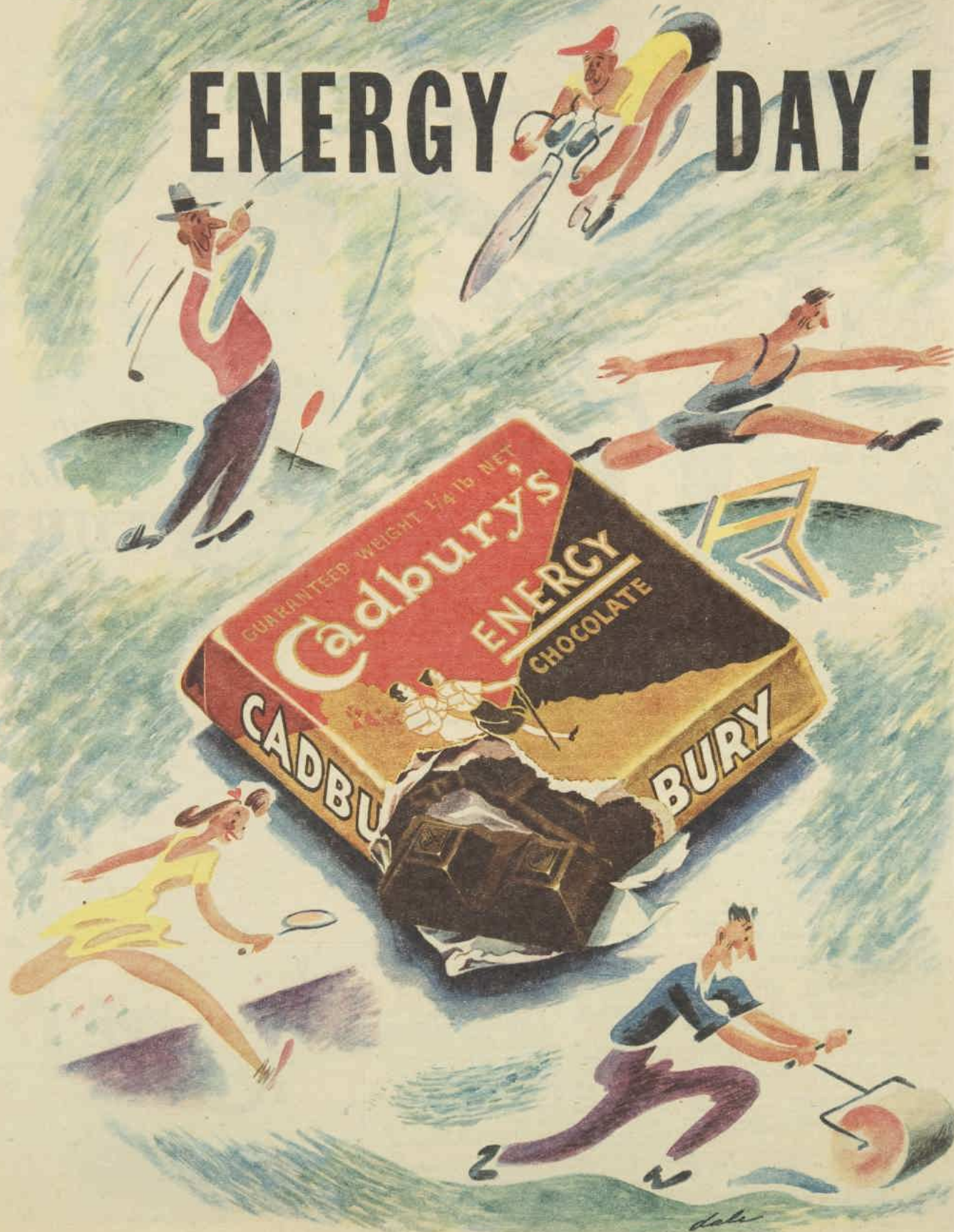


Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL

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Saturday is

ENERGY DAY!





TROOPS FROM CEYLON move in to their camp in Kensington Gardens. Australians are living in similar tents.



FIRST APPEARANCE of Australian contingent in London. They marched to Australia House to an official function.

London's brave show for "Operation Victory"

Gaiety returns as great city entertains Empire's guests

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

The English people have thrown open their hearts and homes to give to Victory contingents the biggest welcome any visitors to Great Britain have ever received.

Within the limits of food rationing, parties and banquets got well under way, dances were arranged, receptions given, theatres gave rows of seats, and tours of England's historic places were arranged so that everyone from the Allied commanders to the humblest housewife could have a good time.

CONTINGENTS from all over the world are staying with us for six to eight weeks, and Britain is determined they will enjoy fully every moment of their stay.

Biggest musical event for many years was given at the Albert Hall, when 6000 people heard famous conductors and soloists and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, augmented to a hundred players, presented a festival in the mood of the celebrations.

The Duke of Gloucester gave his box at the Albert Hall, which was filled with Service men and women in uniforms as varied as the Indian Wrens' sari with naval jacket over sweeping silk robes to the Iraklis' towering astrakhan hats.

Sir Jocelyn Lucas' reception

at the Dorchester was one of the most brilliant of the Victory season. Sir Jocelyn has been welfare liaison officer for Dominion troops in London since 1940.

Here many Allied commanders and officers from the various contingents were entertained by a bevy of society hostesses, and the invitation had a little slip attached asking everyone to dispense with formality and not wait to be introduced.

I counted the uniforms of 20 different nations and troops from 23 of our Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates.

There were turbaned warriors of India who celebrated their victories in the Middle East and their conquest of the Japanese in the very dry Martinis that Sir Jocelyn served.

There were Evzones from Greece, looking very attractive in their skirted uniforms.

The Arab Legion was represented by a handsome young officer wearing a scarf draped over his head.

With feathers in their Service

Women well represented

All the visiting contingents have their Women's Auxiliary Services with them.

They include charming young Canadian girls who took their place beside their men on the airfields and behind the firing lines.

There are A.T.S. girls back from Germany, where they are helping control the defeated enemy; Wrens from India in gaily colored saris; nurses from Hongkong in caps like those Australian Waaafs wear; Territorials from East Africa in felt hats similar to those worn by Australian soldiers; and Australia's splendid nineteen from the Women's Services.

cape some Mauritians were talking to Pijlan soldiers, while men from Malaya, of the guerrilla and Straits Settlements Volunteer Forces, were talking to Australians and New Zealanders.

From operations in the Eastern theatre soldiers from East Africa were guests, too.

The whole of the partying and celebrating is known as "Operation Victory."

Organising "Operation Victory" are two well-known hostesses who worked for the Empire Society's hospitality committee during the war.

Many dances

THEY are Miss Kathleen Colquhoun and Miss Dorothy Thompson, and they've set up their bureau No. 1 right in the heart of the Victory Contingents' camp in Kensington Gardens, with another bureau in Trafalgar Square.

Hundreds of visitors pass through their hands every day, and the Boomerang Club has a special hospitality committee set up to dispense hospitality outside that being officially organised.

None of Australia's visiting V.C.s dance, to the disappointment of the many English girls who are longing to go to parties with them.

The Boomerang Club's dance was a very gay affair. All the helpers who have waited on our boys during the war were back in their Victory dresses entertaining the contingent.

Raffles of food were held at the Boomerang Club's dance, and hostesses left with parcels of chocolate and Australian tinned foods.

Cigarettes, which are scarce, were another present the girls received.

A big dance at the Royal Empire Society was given, and Pijlan officers were so popular many of the hostesses entertained for them in their homes.



INDIAN V.C., Havildar Unrao Singh (centre), a bearded Sikh, and a Gurkha arrive at Euston station.

"They are the most charming young men I've entertained," one of the hostesses told me.

"They came to my house wearing their uniform with fluted-edged skirt. They had perfect manners, and were very handsome, with smooth skin and beautiful teeth."

"Their English was perfect. I don't know when I so enjoyed giving a party."

And that is the feeling all up and down England, in country cottage and stately mansion—the contingents that have come to lend color to the victory scene are the most fascinating visitors London has seen for many years.

In fact, not since the Coronation has the season been so gay.

But the entertainment doesn't stop at parties and dances.

Special motor coaches took the visitors to see the famous Derby, while motor coaches tour the streets all day long showing the men and women all the famous sights of London.

They're seeing the Changing of the Guard, the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster

Abbey, Windsor Castle, and Hampton Court Palace. A whole-day tour takes them, through the Shakespeare country.

No super-streamlined Cook's tour was ever as carefully planned and efficiently carried out.

"Operation Victory" was as well thought out as a full-scale military operation.

No one in Britain is too tired and no larder too bare to give hospitality to those who helped to bring about the peace we are celebrating.

Every visitor has had a chance to see the King and Queen. In addition to taking the salute as the troops passed the saluting base in the Mall, their Majesties visited the contingents' camps and started the ball of entertainment rolling by visiting the Overseas League and meeting the advance troops.

Clubs are offering honorary membership, and for those more seriously minded there are all kinds of post-graduate courses at schools and Universities, factories and hospitals, too, can be inspected, so that the trip to England will not only be a page for the memory-book but a worthwhile experience.



GIRL PORTER Miss F. J. Gowan, one of twelve members of the Great Western Railway staff in the Victory Parade.

AVIATION OUTBACK

THE war years turned a generation of youth into fliers. This will have an early and important effect on Australian life, particularly in the outback.

One ex-R.A.A.F. man has plans for setting up as a flying dentist to serve remote districts.

Another flew down to Sydney to meet his English bride and baby and whisked them away by air to their new home in Queensland.

An R.A.F. flight-lieutenant has a scheme to come to Australia and establish a fresh fish delivery service to the country.

One day a committee of experts waited anxiously at Mascot for the arrival of a plane bringing 16 stud rams from South Australia to the sheep sales.

The experts were anxious to see how the animals had fared as air travellers and noted with grave interest that they had not been sick on the journey.

Even before the war the disadvantages of life in the outback had been mitigated by aerial medical services and urgent mercy missions could always be fulfilled.

Now, as radio has abolished the mental isolation of the outback, so the aeroplane is doing away with physical isolation and seems likely to bring all sorts of amenities and luxuries to the settler.

It is easy to imagine a time when the weekly visit of a flying emporium will be as welcome at the homestead as the quarterly visit of a dusty hawk was years ago.

There is some comfort in the thought that aircraft can bring kettles and spring bonnets as easily as atomic bombs and germ missiles.



ENGLISH CYCLISTS set off on their long trip to Australia. From left: Mr. and Mrs. Barry Green and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper study a map of their route.

English cyclists start journey to Australia

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

At the quayside at Newhaven I have just said goodbye to two English couples who have gone aboard a Channel steamer to cross to France on the first stage of their cycling trip to Australia.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Barry Green. The former will open a vegetarian restaurant in Sydney, and the Greens intend to earn their living by writing.

CONSTANCE COOPER was dietetic chef at England's most famous vegetarian eating-place, "Champney's," in Hertfordshire.

It is patronised by many of the great. Mrs. Churchill frequently eats there. Mrs. Cooper also managed the Attic Club, England's first vegetarian club.

When I saw them, the four adventurers were so slimly clad and so lightly loaded that it was difficult to believe that they were really migrating more than 13,000 miles by bicycle.

Their camping equipment is one blanket and one and one-quarter of a groundsheet each. They will sleep out in all climates with no overcoats and no tent. All are vegetarians.

Their total culinary equipment is one grater.

They plan to live on dried fruit, ship's biscuits, and any nuts and fresh vegetables they can get on the way.

"As an indication of what eating will cost," said Barry, "Kay and I spent two shillings on fresh vegetables between London and Newhaven, and they were enough for us for two days."

They have a small parcel of dried bananas and other dried fruit, a home-bound anthology of their favorite poems, £75 each in cash, and a copy of Thoreau's "Walden."

They have only one light change of clothing. The rest of their equip-

ment consists of a large quantity of optimism and the will to get there.

Gordon and Constance Cooper, both about 40, have never cycled anywhere before. Already on the trip from their London flat to the coast buxom Mrs. Cooper has fallen twice off her bicycle.

Gordon Cooper, picturesquely clad in a bright red shirt, brown corduroy, ginger suede shoes, a violently checked tweed jacket, and an old woolen skull cap protecting his bald head, was a once soberly dressed Civil servant in the House of Lords.

He said: "I stuck it for nine months after my demob, and then, to their horror, I resigned."

Saved for trip

BOTH men have started growing beards and Gordon Cooper's is already sprouting into a majestic combination of goatee and dundreary. But Barry Green's beard bristles vertically from his face and hasn't yet settled into disciplined elegance.

The Greens, who are both 33, are more hardened to the rigors of cycling tours, though they haven't been on a trip for three years.

To save up for the trip Kay Green took a secretarial job, which she hated, while husband Barry earned some money writing poetry, philosophical short stories, articles for health magazines, verse reading and acting.

He also trained for five years as an operatic tenor, but says, "Nowadays I only sing to amuse myself."

Barry, curly-haired and magnificently built, travels in green corduroy

shorts, polo sweater, an old drill tunic, and shoes.

His turbaned attractive wife Kay swings along in an emerald-green dirndl shirt, trim corduroy jacket, red cravat.

Both couples plan to augment their small hoard of money by finding jobs wherever conditions hold up their journey.

The Coopers hope to lecture on dietetics and food values, of which they are making a special practical study as they ride along. Barry will help the Green family with articles en route for a London paper. He plans to write at least one book describing their trip.

When they unload their bicycles in France, the Coopers and Greens will part and go by different routes to a rendezvous on the Riviera.

From there they will cycle down the west coast of Italy to Rome, where they hope to get a visa for Greece.

If not, they will cross to North Africa, travel via Palestine, Iraq, Iran, India, the Malayan States down to Singapore, where they will embark for Darwin.

There is no pact for the two couples to keep together. If one pair finds it easy to travel farther than the other, they will separate.

"Our Australian friends in London argued so much among themselves whether it's practicable to cycle from Darwin to Sydney that we have decided to see for ourselves when we arrive," said Barry Green.

They claim that if they had waited till they could plan every step of their journey they should never have been able to start.

Australian immigration authorities told them they would have to wait two years if they wanted a boat.

Australia's main attraction for them is the sunshine, the fruit they have missed so much during the war years, and the outdoor life.

Barry Green commented: "Another great advantage of Australia is that it's 13,000 miles away, and if you want to go on a cycle tour you might as well make a trip of it."

Interesting People



MISS MARY FIELD

... children's films

AFTER a successful 20-year career in the British film industry, Miss Mary Field has been appointed head of Arthur Rank's new Children's Film Production Unit of Gaumont-British instructional films. Under her guidance, unit is producing films for the 400 Odeon and Gaumont - British Junior Cinema Clubs, at present attended by 400,000 children weekly. Film now being made for her in Australia is "Bush Christmas."



EDMUND KURTZ

... bows are his hobby

WHEN it comes to bows Edmund Kurtz, celebrated Russian-born cellist, admits he is a hoarder. Collecting them is his hobby. Two of his favorite bows were made by Francois Tourte for Bernard Romberg, who played in same orchestra as Beethoven. Kurtz is their fifth owner. His eyes gleam with equal delight over them and his famous "Housman" cello, for which he paid £26,500. Back here after six years, he is touring Australia with Broadcasting Commission. With him is his Australian wife and two sons, Antony (6), born here, John (4), born in America.



MISS MARY SMIETON

... £3500 a year

BIG job ahead, with a big salary, for 43-year-old Englishwoman Miss Mary Smieton. She is newly appointed Director of Personnel to UNO, and will draw £2750 a year, tax free, plus representational allowance of £750. On her depend important factors in lives of thousands of UNO employees, for she will control their salaries, apportion their work. Had tremendous war task of mobilising Britain's women. Was Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labor. Now stationed in United States.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

WEDDING OF A HERO—"RO" CUTLER, V.C.



CHARMING BRIDE. Mrs. "Ro" Cutler and bridesmaids Marion Morris (left) and Doone Cutler, who designed maids' and her mother's frocks.

—Photographs by Norton Trevaire.



V.C. AND HIS BRIDE. Mr. A. R. ("Ro") Cutler and his bride after wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, Sydney. He was first Australian artilleryman V.C.



SIGNING REGISTER. Mr. Cutler and his wife will shortly leave for Wellington, N.Z., where "Ro" will become Australian High Commissioner.

AMONG guests at the Cutler-Morris wedding were General Berryman, who recommended the bridegroom for his V.C., and Mrs. Berryman; Dr. Adrian Johnson, who attended "Ro" when he was wounded; Col. C. Ingate, C.O. of "Ro's" regiment when it sailed from Sydney, and Mrs. Ingate; bridegroom's aunt, Miss D. E. Pope, of Albury; S/Ldr. Bruce Daymond, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar; and Mrs. Lucille Reid, of Melbourne, who will give the couple a party in Melbourne before they sail for N.Z.



BROTHERS AND SISTER. Geoff (left), "Ro," Doone, and Robin, the family of Mrs. Cutler, of Manly, and late A. W. Cutler.



BRIDAL PAIR with bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morris, and Mrs. Cutler (sitting). She wore a coat made from lame brought for her from Damascus by "Ro."

Quick, Blessed Relief from Headaches, Colds and 'Flu



The reason why Anacin gives such faster, more effective and longer lasting relief — is that it is a combination of four highly effective agents in concentrated tablet form — not just one single ingredient.

You'll find that two Anacin tablets, because of their faster action, will often do the work of much

larger doses of other headache powders and tablets. Yes, Anacin is not only more effective but cheaper in the long run than other headache remedies. Your chemist has Anacin — in packets of 12 or family bottles of 50. Keep it handy to stop pain.

**Ask Your Doctor or Dentist
about Anacin**



FAST! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry.



PROLONGED! Another Anacin ingredient provides prolonged relief from pain.

Two bring
fast relief



ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Do You Know?

PEOPLE IN THE NORTH OF HAMPSHIRE, ONCE BELIEVED THAT A MOLAR TOOTH TAKEN FROM A GRAVE, AND WORN SUSPENDED FROM THE NECK, PREVENTED TOOTHACHE! TODAY, WE KNOW TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DECAY GERMS, AND THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT DENTAL DECAY IS TO USE

**KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM.**

Infallible LYNX Tooth

THE CHOLONOS OF EASTERN PERU BELIEVE THAT TO RUB THE CHEEK WITH THE TOOTH OF A LYNX IS AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE AND FACE ACHE.

MAGIC FROM THE GRAVE



MISS KOLYNOS FOR JUNE

Miss Elizabeth Hindson, of Brighton, Victoria. Brunette, brown eyes. "I used to give my toothbrush most of the credit until I used Kolynos. Kolynos soon showed how much brighter teeth can be." Send "Miss Kolynos" photographs to Kolynos Inc., incorporated, 44 Bridge St., Sydney. Monthly winner votes at end of year. Photos will be returned.

A GUID TIP!

YE SAVE TWICE AS MUCH MONEY WITH KOLYNOS BECAUSE YE ONLY USE HALF AS MUCH... ALL YE NEED IS HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH... MIND YE - NOT A SKERRICK MORE!



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



ZULU LORE!

THE ZULU ROYAL FAMILY BELIEVE THAT IF THEY EAT THE HEARTS OF ANIMALS, THEIR TEETH WILL FALL OUT. PROTECT YOUR TEETH! BRUSH THEM REGULARLY WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS SWEEPS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS - LEAVES YOUR TEETH AS BRIGHT AS CAN BE.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

IF YOU PREFER A TOOTH POWDER, YOU WILL FIND THAT KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER CONTAINS ALL THE PROPERTIES OF KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM.



DRAMATIC MOMENT in the operating theatre. Nurses assist a doctor giving a blood transfusion to a new baby at Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney.

These nurses wouldn't swap jobs with anyone

Say theirs is a fine profession—
with many compensations

Nursing is one of the most satisfying jobs a woman can do. That is the conclusion I have come to after talking this week to nurses in all stages of training from probationers to matrons.

Yet Australia's hospitals are sadly short of nurses, and in New South Wales the paralysis epidemic spotlighted the situation.

THE girls I talked to were for any other profession in vehement in saying they would not exchange nursing

They claimed that girls are not choosing this career because so much publicity has been given to its disadvantages and so little told about those who enjoy the work and find deep satisfaction in it.

Some of the nurses had done other jobs before starting their training. Many had worked for a year or two in offices doing clerical or secretarial work, or had started off as librarians, receptionists, or commercial artists.



TWINS! A nurse tells the news to father.

By
Staff Reporter
ANN CHESNEY

Several had transferred from the Services.

They know as well as anybody what's wrong with nursing—the comparatively low pay for such skilled, responsible work, the long shifts, tiring work, rigid discipline.

They know, too, how very bad conditions of work can be in small suburban and country hospitals.

"But compared with the interest of the work, the companionship and satisfaction of a job well done, these don't count so much as you'd think," a triple-certificated nurse said.

"Nurses are the biggest growlers under the sun, but you find very few leave nursing, except to marry."

Of 30 nurses I talked to, only two said they wished they'd chosen some other job.

Here are some of the advantages the enthusiasts consider make nursing one of the most desirable of careers open to women:

● Drama in every day's work

"I COULD never go back to an office job now," said a trainee, once an office secretary and now working in the nursery ward of a large maternity hospital.

"Office work is monotonous and mechanical compared with this, where you're dealing with human beings all the time, and there's drama and destiny in the air if you've enough imagination to sense it."

"Even the smallest job in a hospital is extremely responsible, and there's a wonderful satisfaction in seeing mother and baby doing well after a difficult obstetric case—the sort of satisfaction you never get from office work."

● Opportunity to travel

A GOOD nurse can be reasonably sure of being able to work anywhere in the world, nurses say. Plenty of Australian-trained nurses have travelled widely, paying their way by working a few months at a time. Some have travelled with patients.

A nurse with little more than a year's work ahead to gain her third certificate is already looking for opportunities.

"I learnt that the Indian Government will pay the passage of nurses going to hospitals there for three years, and I think India would be a fascinating place to go to," she said.

● Companionship and team work

"COMPANIONSHIP of your fellow-workers is one of the best things about nursing," said a theatre sister. "You get to know them better than your own family."

"You've stood together in your first days at the hospital, you've stood together on the matron's mat, you've stood together in the face of death. Such friendships last a lifetime."

"Then there's a wonderful sense of being part of a life-saving team that must be experienced to be appreciated."

● Chances in special fields

SOME trainees had ideas of specialising in certain branches of nursing when through their training. Industrial nursing, pathology, X-ray, dietetics, and baby welfare

her first year of training receives £2/7/6 a week, from which £1/7/8 is deducted for board and lodging. (These are N.S.W. award figures, and the variation in other States is slight.)

She receives all meals, has free medical treatment, and has three weeks' annual holiday on full pay.

Rate of pay for second year is £2/11/6, less board, third year £2/16/6, and fourth £3/6/6.

A general nurse who has completed four years' training at an average age of 22 receives £4/5/6 a week, whereas a sister in a hospital has to do an additional three years before she earns in the vicinity of £5 a week.

Secretary of the Australasian Trained Nurses' Association, Miss E. P. Evans, said the association considered the pay of trainees was quite adequate.

"A lot of girls overlook the fact that during those four years they are being taught a profession and have very little expense in the way of clothing, board, lodgings, or other essentials," she said.

"We do feel, however, that the pay of trained nurses, especially sisters in hospitals, is not sufficient and have been trying for some time now to have it increased."

Better status for the domestic staff in hospitals would do a great deal to improve conditions, as the difficulty of obtaining staff was throwing a lot of extra work on nurses.

As a final note, grey-haired Matron Shaw, of Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney, who began nursing more than 30 years ago, has a few comparisons to make between conditions then and now.

"We started off by sweeping floors, cleaning window-ledge, and scrubbing wooden tables and lockers for the first six months. And, believe me, those wooden lockers needed some scrubbing," Matron Shaw said.

"We worked 12 hours a day—from six in the morning to six at night—or if we were on night duty it was from 8.30 p.m. to 7 a.m."

"If we were fortunate there was a day off a month, but nights off were practically unheard of."

Thirty years ago pay for a first-year probationer was 7/6 a week, which increased by a few shillings each year, so that after four years of training she was getting about £1 a week.

There's still plenty of room for improvement in conditions, but nurses have certainly come a long way since then.

TRAINING MAKES GOOD NURSE

IT is often claimed that nurses are born, not made. But the Tutor-Sister at a leading hospital says she doesn't think so.

"You have to be interested in the work to decide on nursing in the first place, but it's amazing the number of girls who start off badly and end up most efficient and reliable nurses," she said. "These are definitely made by training."

work, bush and district nursing are some of the fields open to them.

● Job for life

A GREY-HAIRED sister said cheerfully: "I'm sixty years old and yet my services are in as great demand as ever. There aren't too many jobs where women of sixty can be as useful as ever."

THE girls discussed the controversial question of pay.

"It is hard during the first year to buy cosmetics, clothes, and a dozen and one other things with the pound a week you get in cash," they said.

Under the award a probationer in

LARYNOIDS PROTECT

the whole family against
**WINTER COUGHS, 'FLU,
COLDS, SORE THROATS**



RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS

Larynoids are made scientifically under laboratory conditions, of materials that for purity and freshness comply strictly with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia Codex. Medical practitioners regularly advise their patients to take Larynoids, the tested and proved, throat and chest pastille—suitable for patients of all ages.



KEEP CHILDREN WELL

Don't allow colds to lower your children's resistance to disease. Children like the flavour of Larynoids and you can give them with confidence and complete safety to check winter colds.



HAPPY MOTHERS

The whole household is disorganised if mother has to stay in bed with a cold. Larynoids taken at the first sign of a cough or cold will prevent needless suffering and the spread of dangerous infection.



NO ANXIETY FOR DAD

A breadwinner laid low with a cold can suffer a loss of income. Colds need not cause loss of working time this winter. Larynoids taken in time check coughs and colds in the early stages and prevent the infection of other members of the family.

A BOON TO SMOKERS

No habitual pipe or cigarette smoker should be without Larynoids. They prevent that unpleasant dry mouth and throat irritation; relieve night coughing which ruins sleep; sweeten the mouth and banish "Tobacco Breath."

Winter colds undermine the health, break down resistance to disease, retard growth in children, spread dangerous and costly infections. Children lose valuable time from school, mothers endure needless suffering and family incomes are sadly depleted when the breadwinner is laid low with recurrent colds and their dangerous complications.

This winter you can keep the whole family free from the menace of health-wrecking Sore Throats, Coughs, Head Colds, 'Flu, Whooping Cough, Croup and Bronchial Infections. A few Larynoids sucked at the first sign of Sore Throat or Cold will stop the infection taking hold. Act immediately when you notice the slightest symptom of Cough or Cold and stop it with Larynoids!

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in **THE THROAT**. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them from spreading to —
2. **THE PHARYNX**: When infected, this area becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids soothe the rawness and, if taken in time, prevent infection from spreading to —
3. **THE LARYNX**: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread and cause a deep-seated condition in —
4. **THE BRONCHIAL TUBES**: the home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections, which may affect —
5. **THE LUNGS**: A slight cold allowed to get this far may cause Pneumonia or Pleurisy. Simple hygiene and Larynoids will protect these vital areas from infection.



Larynoids are sold in handy sized packets that fit easily in handbag, or pocket. Never be without a packet of Larynoids. Your chemist sells them — your doctor will recommend them.

WHERE AND WHEN INFECTION CAN MAKE YOU A VICTIM

Every theatre, cinema, crowded store, tram, train, or bus—and wherever people are crowded together in heated or poorly ventilated places, the air abounds with disease-causing germs. These attack your throat or nasal passages and cause colds. Protect yourself by placing a Larynoid in your mouth and so kill these germs before they can infect you. Always, when going out into the cold after being in a warm atmosphere, take a Larynoid to protect you against sore throat.



THE LARYNOIDS FORMULA

includes these stimulating expectorants and healing antiseptics.

ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings, and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.

BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.

IPECAC: Loosens hard mucus; valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Croup.

MENTHOL: Relieves nasal catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain, checks excessive mucus.

PEPPERMINT: Powerful inhalant; relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.

PINE OIL: A soothing inhalant to relieve the air passages from congestion.

OIL OF ANISEED: An aromatic and carminative.

HONEY: A soothing liniment.

CINNAMON OIL: Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.

IODINE: Highly antiseptic and healing.

Look for the Larynoids Formula. It's on every packet.

Ask at any chemist's for
Larynoids
Containing **ANESTHESIN**
CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

Manufactured by: THE WALCOT PTY. LTD., Annandale, Sydney, N.S.W.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE present period can be faced with optimism by those born under the signs Gemini, Aquarius, and Libra, and progressive plans should be set in motion for advancement, favors, and changes.

Arians and Leonians are also favored, but Sagittarians, Virgoans, and Pisceans should guard against losses and worries.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 12 (afternoon) fair, 13 helpful, 15 and 16 (after 4 p.m.) good. June 18 and 17 poor.

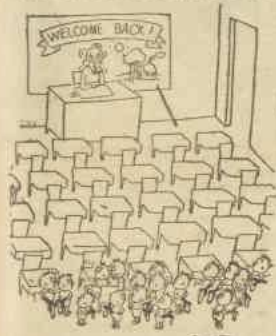
TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Unspectacular days now, though June 15 (midday hours), 16 and 17 all slightly helpful. June 18 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Work hard now, and seek gains on June 12 (noon to dusk) and June 18. Be cautious, however, on June 13, 14, 16, and 17.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Routine tasks pay best now, but good weeks are ahead. June 11, 12 (to 3 p.m.) fair. June 15, 16, and 17 poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be wary on June 11 and 12. June 13, 14 (afternoon), and 15 fair. June 18 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Live quietly and wisely now, as worries and delays prevail. Avoid



"Oh, come, children! Surely somebody would like to sit in front!"

changes and discord on June 12 (evening), 13, 14, 15, 16 (dusk), and 17 (dusk).

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Spend up all activities now, and seek promotions, gains, and favors. June 12 (noon to dusk) fair; 13 (late afternoon and mid-evening) helpful, 15 (midday) fair; 16 and 17 poor; 18 good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live quietly, and avoid anything spectacular, especially on June 11 (midday), 13 (evening), and 15. June 12 (noon to dusk) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware upheavals, opposition, and aspirations now. Routine work is advised, but this may prove difficult, especially on June 13 (early and late), 15, 16, and 17. June 18 (dusk), 17 (dusk), and 18 tricky.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Get important matters in hand, but avoid undue haste and enthusiasm. Best day June 13 (afternoon). June 14 confusing, 16 and 17 (dusk) good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be confident and energetic now, and finish important matters, particularly on June 15. June 16 confusing, 17 (midday) fair; 18 and 17 (dusk) poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live quietly now, and plan for some good weeks ahead. Meanwhile June 12 (early and late), 13, 14, and 15 difficult; 16 and 17 (dusk) poor.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: V1 to V4 (black and red).
SUGAR: P1 and Q1.
BUTTER: 48-52.
MEAT: Black, 55-58 (48-52 available June 27); red, C1-C4 (C5-C7 available June 27); green, C1 and C3 (C2 and C4 available June 17).
CLOTHING: Y1-56, Z07-112.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins.

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt. **PETER:** At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. Augusta's new ally is **KRAG:** Who pays natives to kill Mandrake before he can find the fifth clue, hidden in a huge clam off Tahore Isle. As soon as Lothar dives overboard to find the clue, natives attack Mandrake. Betty's warning to Peter is useless. She realises Lothar is caught by the huge clam, but can do nothing. NOW READ ON:



MEANWHILE—THE PRECIOUS SECONDS PASS—BUT LOTHAR CANNOT FREE HIMSELF FROM THE INHUMAN POWER OF "GRANDDADDY!"



STOP! STOP! YOU CAN'T LEAVE LOTHAR—DOWN THERE!



UNDERWATER—A CURIOUS BATTLE OF TITANS IS WAGED—AS LOTHAR PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST GIANT "GRANDDADDY CLAM"....



AND FREES HIMSELF JUST IN TIME—AS HIS LUNGS ARE ABOUT TO BURST



THINK WE SHOULD THROW MANDRAKE INTO THE OCEAN?

NO, KRAG SAID HE WANTED TO SEE THAT WITH HIS OWN EYES—SO HE COULD BE POSITIVE THE MAGICIAN WAS DONE FOR—EASY JOB—EH?



LOTHAR—UNEXPECTEDLY HAS COME TO THE SURFACE—SEES THE SITUATION—AND ACTS QUICKLY....



THE COLD WATER REVIVES MANDRAKE—BUT HAS THE OPPOSITE EFFECT ON THE NATIVES WHEN LOTHAR GETS HIS HANDS ON THEM!

LOTHAR!



AND HERE IS TREASURE NOTE—IN RUBBER BAG—WAS STUCK ON GRANDPA—WITH SUCTION CUP—ME FIND.

LOTHAR—YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION!

To be continued



COCKTAILS. Lieut. - Commander A. D. S. Murray, special representative in Australasia for British Overseas Airways Corporation, entertained at Kent Room, Australia, in honor of Mrs. Eve Walker (third from left), Press Relations Officer of BOAC. Others in group: Mr. John Cotter, Mr. Douglas Tooth, and Mrs. Murray.



PRETTY GIRL. Judy Dixon, one of our young debutantes, is asked by Douglas MacLeod when she dines and dances at Prince's.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Betty Jacobs (centre), who will marry Keith Fischer at the Great Synagogue on June 19, with Mrs. Eric Johnson (left) and Mrs. Harry Cohen at pre-wedding party at Prince's. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Cohen will be attendants at the wedding.



DOWN FOR SHEEP SALES. Pat Pierce, of Stuartfield, Adaminaby, lunches at Australia with Bill Halloran. Pat stays at Australia during visit to Sydney and has gay round of parties and shopping.



INFORMAL PHOTO of Pat O'Sullivan and his bride, formerly Rosalind Harper, leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, after their marriage, which was celebrated at a nuptial mass.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Fraser ("Jum") Falkner, ex-R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Betty Heapy, of Balgoolah, sign the register at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. "Jum," who was P.O.W. in Germany for four years, is third son of late R. S. Falkner and of Mrs. Falkner, of Melbourne. Reception held at Rancig.

Intimate Greetings

INTERESTING wedding in New York, when Julia Drake-Brockman and Jack Moore marry at Christ Episcopal Church, Bronxville.

Bride, who is daughter of the Geoffrey Drake-Brockmans, of Perth, is third secretary to the Australian Mission to U.N.O. Her husband, whom she met about two years ago, is third secretary to the mission. He is son of late Mr. M. Moore and of Mrs. L. C. Moore, of Cremorne.

Jack was captain in the A.I.F. until his discharge last year, when he joined up with External Affairs Department, Canberra, where Julia was already working.

Australian representative on Security Council Paul Hasluck gave pretty bride away, and he and his wife gave couple reception at their home in Bronxville after ceremony.

JULIA wore gown of white bridal satin fashioned with sweetheart neckline, long tight-fitting sleeves, and full trained skirt. Her white net veil fell from headpiece of fresh flowers, and she carried a bouquet of gardenias, sweet peas, lilies of the valley and stephanotis. Diana Hodgkinson, of Sydney, who is Vice-Consul of Australian Consulate in New York, was Julia's only attendant.

She wore sheer powder-blue gown and carried bouquet of pink roses and spring flowers.

Alan Renouf, member of Australian mission to U.N.O., was best man.

LATEST gift from Mrs. John Amory to her mother, Mrs. Johnny Mills, of Bonny Rigg, Quirindi, is super black handbag with Mrs. Mills' initials stamped on it in gold. Judy has lovely home in Washington, and writes reams of interesting letters homewards. She has found that all her winter woollies—suits and coats—taken from Australia as part of her trousseau are the height of fashion in America. Believe she has bought some lovely cottons, though, to add to her wardrobe.

FLAT at Elizabeth Bay "awaits" Surgeon-Lieut. Graeme Robson, of Mosman, and his charming wife, violinist Lyndall Hendrickson, after their marriage at St. Matthew's Church, Burnside. Before leaving for Adelaide to attend wedding Lyndall's sister, Cynthia (Mrs. John Hurst), drops in on me. She's very thrilled about Lyndall's lovely frock, white satin made in a bouffant style, with a pannered neckline. Berenice Scarfe, Pat Hamilton, and Betty Wilkens attend bride, who is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hendrickson, Rose Park, Adelaide. Graeme son of Lieut.-Col. O. W. E. Robson and Mrs. Robson, Mosman.



ENGAGEMENT PARTY. Flight-Lieut. Brian Cobcroft (left), Judy Cobcroft, Brian Seton, Esma Marshall, Mrs. Miles Seton, Dr. Miles Seton, Pat Collett, and John Cameron celebrate Brian and Esma's engagement at dinner dance at Romano's. Esma is younger daughter of the late Mr. A. V. Marshall and of Mrs. Marshall, of Dulwich Hill.

SINGERS of Australia have distinguished artist Todd Duncan, American Negro singer, as their first guest of honor when they arrange welcome in conjunction with J. and N. Tait at Australia Hotel. Todd and his accompanist, William Allen, leave for Melbourne, where they will give concerts before returning to Sydney for concert at Sydney Town Hall on July 8.

MEMBERS of newly formed Sydney Rowing Club Younger Set busy preparing for their first dance, which will be held next Saturday at Sydney Rowing Club's clubhouse at Abbotsford, Parramatta River.



UNITED NATIONS DANCE. Members of the Free Lance Younger Set, Barbara Wright, Peter Caldwell, Kathleen Rockwell, Ken Michael, and Nadia Gundry, who are arranging dance to be held at Coronet, this Thursday, to raise funds for R.A.A.F. Memorial Centre.

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 15, 1946

As we drank tea the sun went from the windows, and in the darker light Lella's face looked suddenly pinched and wan. I was reminded again of the way she had started up in fright from sleep when I had opened the door.

"I said, 'Were you dreaming when I came in? You woke up with such a start!'"

She did not answer for a while, then in a low voice she asked, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No," I said firmly.

Lella looked at me over the rim of her cup, her eyes big, and with a hint of fear in their depth. "Sometimes I dream there's someone standing by my bed, watching me—like an enemy."

"Nonsense," I said crisply.

"It would only be Jacynth," she said, in the same low voice. "I'm sure of that."

I felt suddenly impatient with Lella. "It's ridiculous," I told her, "and you're letting your imagination run away with you. All this business about having the house the way she left it—no wonder you're becoming morbid. And then you cause trouble with Aunt Celia as well. Why don't you forget all this, and act normally for a change?"

But I knew as I said it that it was a ridiculous question. Lella never did act normally. "Besides," I concluded, "Jacynth is dead."

"But she'd come back if she could," said Lella. "Sometimes I think she has."

Stephen came home then, and with relief I left them together and went to wash and change for dinner. Lella must have complained to Stephen again about the cat, for as I came down the stairs I heard him in the lounge saying, "I know you do your best, Aunt Celia, but it does upset her so much, and you know what the doctor said..." And a sharp old voice, stubborn with the obstinacy of old age, answered, "She says he smells. He doesn't smell at all, do you, darling?"

I went in, and the conversation ceased. Aunt Celia was sitting in a straight-backed chair, very small and upright, with the cat on her lap. "You're Lella's friend," she said sharply when I saw her. "I remember you." There was a spark of malice in her eyes, as though, being a friend of Lella's, she did not approve of me, and if she found an opportunity of making things unpleasant for me she would.

But during the next few days things were not as unpleasant as I had expected. Lella, apparently offended by my scepticism, said no more about ghosts. I rarely saw Aunt Celia except at meals, although once or twice, while the nurse was out, I shooed the cat from Lella's window-sill. Evidently he had been accustomed to sleeping on the sunny ledge, and was determined not to be done out of his comforts in his old age. He did smell, too—the faintly musky smell which seems to cling about old cats. Once I found him sleeping on the foot of Lella's bed. Luckily she was asleep, and I removed him quietly before she woke.

It was on the third day that I came in during the afternoon to find her pale and trembling, sitting up in bed. As soon as she saw me she asked, "Can you smell anything?"

I sniffed, thinking of the cat, but the only thing I could smell was Lella's rather exotic brand of perfume. I told her so, and rang for the nurse, for she was trembling from head to foot, and while I waited I said, unthinkingly, "You look as though you've seen a ghost."

"No," she said wildly, "I smell one." And she began to laugh on a high, thin, hysterical note, which tore at my nerves like the sound of a cat's claws on metal. I ran to her and tried to make her stop, but at that moment the nurse came in, and at last she had Lella lying back again on the bed, drowsy under a sedative. I lingered there, feeling rather helpless, yet unwilling to

The Fragrant Ghost

Continued from page 10

leave until I was sure she was all right. And while I waited she looked at me and said, drowsily, "Now you'll have to believe me. It was there when I woke up—that perfume she always used. She had it made up specially for her."

I said, "It's these old cupboards and the wardrobe. She's had her clothes in them for ages."

She shook her head slowly, her eyes half-shut. "I would have noticed it before," she murmured, "and don't tell me I made a mistake, because I never do about perfume. You know that."

She said nothing for a long while, and I thought she had fallen asleep. I knew that she had an extraordinarily perceptive nose for perfumes. Still, I was sure she was imagining things. I was about to go when she surprised me by saying suddenly: "But don't think I'm going to let her drive me out of here, because I'm not."

That night I told Stephen that he should take Lella away. He looked at me uneasily. "I wish I could," he said, "but she won't go." We each avoided the other's eyes, and I knew that he felt as I did, and could not bring himself to mention the reason why Lella would not leave. She had conjured up Jacynth's spirit, and was fighting it. But Jacynth was dead.

Next day when I went in to see Lella she was sitting up in bed, her face flushed, her eyes alight with triumph. I stopped, feeling a cold wariness upon me. When Lella looked that way it usually meant something unpleasant. She gestured at her throat and said: "Look!" and I saw that she was wearing a string of pearls.

THEY hung gracefully about her slender, pretty throat, but I saw instead that other throat at which they had hung, and Jacynth's small white hand twining them in and out between her fingers. It had been a habit of hers. She had loved those pearls. They had belonged first to Stephen's mother, and she had passed them on to Jacynth. Now Lella had them.

She said, "Stephen got them for me. They've been at the bank ever since. He kept on putting off getting them." She picked up the hand mirror and looked at herself with pleasure, and I knew that she was thinking of Jacynth as I had been.

It was then that I decided to leave the house. I felt enormously tired, as though I had lived under some constant pressure during the week, and I could stand no more of Lella and her childish gloating over a dead woman.

That afternoon I went to Lella's room again, intending to tell her that I would be leaving, but she was half asleep, so I took a book and wandered out across the sloping lawn to the swimming pool. I read a little, and dozed for a while, and the shadows were lengthening over the lawn before I came back again to the house.

As I looked up at Lella's window I saw the cat. It scrambled on to the window-sill from inside her room and dropped lightly to the path below. I thought: "Oh, well, Lella can't have seen it, or she would have rung for someone," and went on slowly, stopping now and then to look at the roses. But when I came to the open door and heard the nurse at the telephone I realised that I would not see Lella now, after all. There would be no need to tell her I was leaving, for she was dead.

The quiet, efficient voice of the nurse, as she spoke to the doctor on the telephone, telling him how she had gone into Lella's room a moment ago and found her dead, came to me with

stunning finality. I thought, Oh, but she can't be dead. She was so happy with the pearls. And I walked, still with a feeling of blank unreality, to Lella's door and turned the handle.

It is hard to realise death—to impress upon one's mind that someone who lived and laughed and spoke a little while ago had ceased to exist. I stood there staring at Lella and noticing with odd detachment how frightened she looked, as though she had come, half-awake, from a dream where someone stood by her bed, watching her. And, noticing a hollow in the bedclothes by her body, I thought absurdly that it was lucky that she had not awakened, because the cat had been sleeping next to her.

Then I saw the pearls, and for a frightening moment I thought that perhaps it was Jacynth who had snatched them from her throat, breaking the string, and scattering them over the bed and on the carpet. But the string, with a few small pearls still on it, was clutched tightly in Lella's right hand. Her arm hung loosely from the bed, and I went forward and moved it back so that her forearm lay across her breast. And as I bent over her, I could have sworn that for the merest second I caught an alien fragrance—the slightest odor of a sharp, piny fragrance which Lella had never used.

I did not think about it then. I was so stunned by the suddenness of her death that I scarcely thought of all. The doctor came, and then Stephen, hurrying, white-faced, and it was almost evening when Stephen, turning from the telephone, said to me, "Would you tell Aunt Celia for me? I don't think she knows."

It seemed unlikely that Aunt Celia could have remained oblivious to all the bustle and sound, but I knew that she spent the afternoon lying down in her room, so it was quite likely that she had slept through it.

I found her sitting with the cat on her lap. She was brushing his long grey fur with a soft brush, and crooning to him as she did it. She knew already that Lella was dead. One of the maids had told her.

She said, "I thought I'd only be in the way if I came down, so I'm having something to eat on a tray up here." After a thoughtful pause she added, "I'm sorry for poor Stephen."

She put down the little brush and took up a crystal scent spray and while I watched she sprayed perfume lightly on the cat's fur. He jumped up, disgusted, and left her. "There," said Aunt Celia, satisfied. "He doesn't smell nasty now, do you, darling?"

I leaned against the door, smelling again the fresh, sharp fragrance, faintly reminiscent of pines, which I had smelt as I leaned over Lella's body. I said faintly, "That's the perfume Jacynth used."

As I spoke I had a vision of the small hollow in the bedclothes by Lella's body. I wondered if she had awakened from sleep, slowly, with growing terror, conscious of someone or something breathing near her, conscious of the warmth and heaviness of another body close to hers, and above all, with the perfume that Jacynth had always used strong in her nostrils. And I thought of the frightened look on her face and the way she had torn the pearls from her throat, gasping for breath, with her heart pounding and leaping in fear.

I stared at Aunt Celia while questions formed in my mind and rose to my lips to be unspoken, and she looked back at me, her little dark eyes expressionless, waiting. After a while I turned and went away. There was really nothing I could say to her. Nothing at all.

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

THE lift-driver in our building just about summed things up for us this week.

We overheard him having a long conversation with another gentleman who was telling him in horrific accents about the explosion at a big city chemical factory.

"Well," said our lift-driver, "sometimes I think these scientists go too far."

Confusion in supply

WE learnt something about ships' chandlery when we interviewed Mr. Roy Phillips, acting manager of a large firm in Melbourne.

They supply everything for ships, yes, from the needles to the anchors. "It's the simple orders that can bring you trouble," says Mr. Phillips sagely.

"Yes, now take the order I got from a captain of a French ship. It looked straightforward enough to me until the complaints rolled in when the ship returned to Melbourne a few months later."

"With much hand-waving the skipper said to me when I went

Removalist

A NEW and novel solution to that old problem, the housing shortage, has been discovered by a country resident, Mr. G. Gow, of Griffith, N.S.W.

Mr. Gow heard that a number of houses were being sold in Merriwagga, a small country town about 40 miles away which had become a "dead town."

Merriwagga is on the borderline of the sheep country, and, although once quite flourishing, has now lost most of its population.

Houses being short in Griffith also, Mr. Gow bought an eight-bedroom weatherboard house in Merriwagga, and had it transported in sections to a block of land he owns in Griffith. Five trips were made altogether by lorries, and it took five days before the entire house was assembled in Griffith.

The house was formerly a boarding-house, and Mr. Gow will use it as a residential and store, to be run by his two daughters.

CULTURE NOTE: We couldn't find a copy of "Vanity Fair," new or second-hand, in an exhaustive search of Sydney bookshops. A few weeks back the A.B.C. began broadcasting a serialised version on Sunday nights.

Warning to trappers

WE have had a letter from a kindly reader on the subject of rabbit-trapping, a pursuit which apparently is occupying the time and mind of so many Australians. Even small boys, according to our reader, who says:

"With rabbit-skins the price they are it is a temptation for small boys to go trapping who are too young for the responsibility. A folder or leaflet of don'ts issued to youthful purchasers of traps would, I am sure, meet with general approval."

"Don't set your traps alongside a public path."

"Don't set your traps near private houses."

"Don't set your traps on beaches or playgrounds."

"So many injuries to domestic pets and the useful 'chook' would be avoided if the trapper would give a little thought to the matter."

"It is a marvel to me that more small children are not injured by this indiscriminate setting of traps along laneways and beaches."

"Many a time my walking-stick springs a trap within a couple of feet of the roadway. These are a definite menace to toddlers and dogs, and boys should be taught to have a little consideration for such when putting down their traps."

Was pioneer pilot

ONE of the gallant air voyagers of the 20th century, along with "Smithy," Hinkler, Ross and Keith Smith, Jimmy Mollison modestly disclaims his record-breaking days as having "served their purpose in aviation."

"There are no more records to break, no more air routes to open," says the 41-year-old Jimmy, who, as a freelance flying salesman for British aircraft, is visiting Australia, pleasure and business bound.

Stouter, sparser on top, than the tousel-haired 27-year-old youth who soloed his famous eight-day England to Australia flight in 1931, Jimmy doesn't intend to be among the first few to attempt flights to the moon.

"I'm quite happy here on Mother Earth. I might be persuaded to cruise along as a tourist later on," he says.

Jimmy, who ferried 1100 planes to England during war and won an M.B.E. as result of his services, praised courage of women ferry pilots.

He revealed, too, for first time, that death of his former wife, Amy Johnson, early in war, was not the result of plane crash, but an attack by Messerschmitts while she was ferrying a bomber.

Animal Antics



"Upso daisy!"

aboard: "You've caused me so great trouble. Ze ship, she is in ze Bight and ze chef he want to make le bon gâteau... ze nut cake. But when he finds ze nuts he orders from you... poof! What he find? Ze cast-iron nut?"

Mr. Phillips adds that the captain's annoyance was nothing to that of the Chinese chef who had ordered, in his impeccable English, cherries. He got chilies.

ONCE we were great ones for trotting along to the doctor. But not any more. Someone has built a machine that gives you a diagnosis while you wait, and all for two shillings.

We came upon this boon to humanity in a restaurant, where it was doing a brisk sideline with repleted diners.

The machine, attended by a white-capped assistant, claims to provide an exact chart of the health, vitality, and nervous complaints of anyone willing to put up the two shillings.

Rather morbidly, we thought, it advised intending patrons to watch the queer movements taking place within the region of the heart. (You're telling us!)

It added that slowly turning bars of light would show the patient to be of a placid disposition, while high-speed turning bars would be more likely to denote a nervous turn of temperament.

The shoppers who produced this latter phenomenon went off looking as snug as anything.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





MRS. KIYO TAKEDA (Liberal member for Hiroshima electorate) is saluted by Diet attendant as she leaves the building after first visit. She is one of 38 women elected.



PIONEER of women's suffrage in Japan for 26 years, Mrs. Fusae Ichikawa, addresses the Women's League for New Japan. She stands beside portrait of mother of president of the Liberal party, Mrs. Hatoyama, who built girls' school in which meeting was held.

By DOROTHY DRAIN
our representative in Japan

My notebook records these Japanese highlights

THE last place you find out about Japan is Japan. Statistics are difficult. No wonder. By the time they finish taking the census the number of children will have increased.

"There's only one figure you can trust," an officer told me. "That's the ration strength."

WE were in the train bound for Iwakuni, two hours from Kure. A rather good train, too—black plush seats with slightly grubby canvas slip covers, big windows, and much smoother than a jeep. (The Japs concentrated on railroads. The roads are bad.) Past the train windows on one side the inland sea and the sharp-peaked hills across the bay. On the other side the vegetable gardens, the shanty villages, the mountains, all pastel-colored in the hazy afternoon sun.

In the opposite seat (the train is for Allied servicemen only) an Australian boy said suddenly: "Gosh! It'll be good to go home and see a fence and a bit of grass."

The poorer-type houses aren't fenced, and you never see grass—real grass—only vegetables and yellow clay, in this district anyway. And the pine and blossom trees aren't shady. It struck me I hadn't seen anywhere a nice shady tree with long grass under it, the sort of place where you'd sit down and rest.

IN an empty room, once a library, at Eta Jima, former Jap naval academy, an Australian Air Force lad found a copy of "The Times Weekly Edition," March, 1924. It

contained an account of the trial at Munich of Hitler and General Ludendorff, after the putsch of 1923.

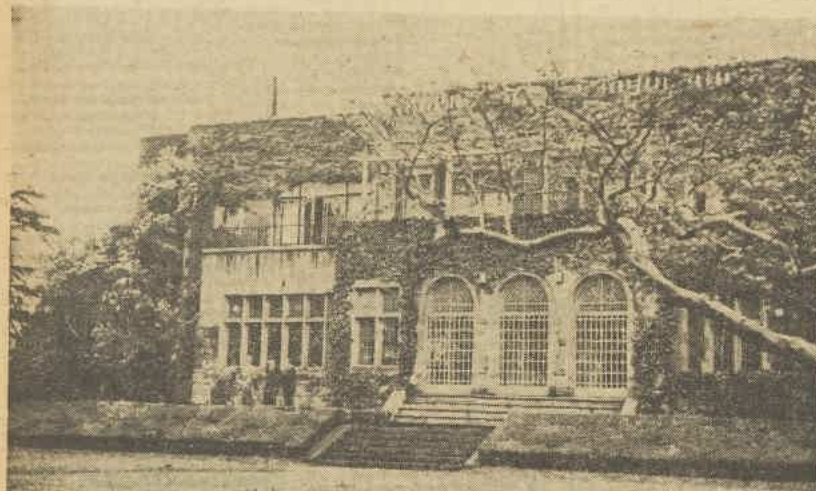
MOVE of BCOF Headquarters from Kure to Eta Jima entails a big furnishing job. Among the tasks for ordinance is finding hundreds of chairs and tables, and chairs and tables aren't laid on in a country where the population normally sits on the floor.

MICKY, the Japanese houseboy at the house where male correspondents live in Kure, is a bright lad who has a great many young lady friends. He introduced one as his aunt the other day. She is about 20, Micky's age. The housegirl is his cousin, and he numbers several other cousins and aunts who, we suspect, help a good deal in Micky's jobs.

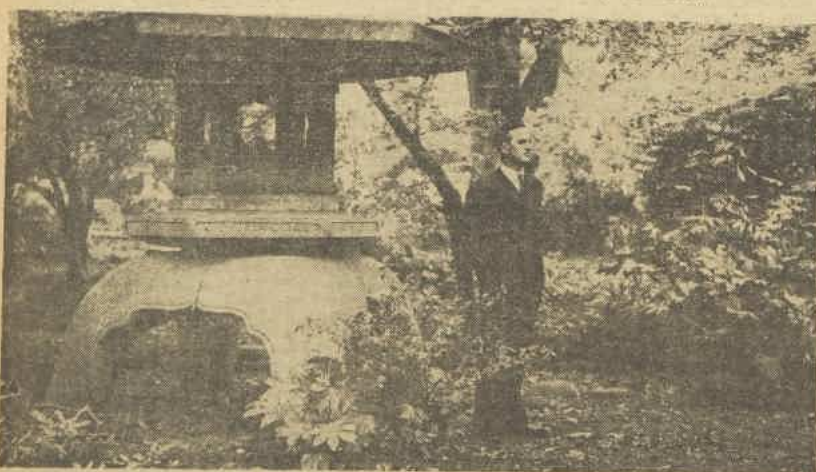
I wanted some shoulder-taps embroidered with the word "Correspondent" on them, as the metal ones I had read "War Correspondent," and were rather out of date. Micky said at first his aunt would do them, but auntie found the job too much, so Micky tried his hand at embroidery, and did it very efficiently. Micky just came in to mend the radiator. His name is really Mikio, I discover.

WORKING for the Red Cross store here is a former Jap suicide pilot. The war ended just in time for him. He wore in his kamikaze suit one day to show to Commissioner Heywood, Australian Red Cross officer, who is in charge of Red Cross for BCOF.

YOU wouldn't expect after six years of war to be able to show much excitement at the sight of a canteen. But I didn't have to simu-



COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, former Polish Embassy in Tokio, now occupied by Mr. W. Macmahon Ball, an Australian, who is British member of the Allied Council, and his staff.



IN TREE-SHADED GARDEN, Mr. Macmahon Ball stands beside Japanese shrine in picturesque grounds of Commonwealth House.—Photographs by staff photographer BILL BRINDLE.



SIGN for Japanese women's emancipation. Husband attends to his wife and child. Japanese women are rarely taken out anywhere by their husbands.

...the other day
...Y.M.C.A. secretary with
...and Indian Division, J.
...the Scot, showed me the
...made from a Jap com-
...and-house.
...sent 2000 cups of tea on
...they opened, AND
...There's a writing-room,
...great pin-ups on the walls.
...like this are a godsend here,
...the boys something to do
...ough amenities are im-
...barn knows there's not
...of entertainment. And
...surprising number of
...rather have a cup of
...glass of beer.

Of course, much of this money doesn't come out of paybooks. It's the proceeds of soap and chocolate and other canteen goods—the brown market, you might say. Strenuous efforts are being made to stop this practice, but it's difficult to eradicate.

OVERHEARD the other day from an officer: "This place is getting so darned well organised it won't be interesting soon."

...British and Indian
...are several groups of
...do welfare and canteen
...The Wasbies (Women's
...Service, Burma) Y.W.C.A.,
...Military Services (India),
...and S.S.A.P.A. (Soldiers,
...and Airmen's Families
...are some of them.

...quick at getting things
...plenty of labor avail-
...and women have a way of
...want something and not
...it may be difficult.
...people are actually
...wear a semi-uniform of
...tweed.

...shop here put up a
...Out of Bounds" be-
...sant "Welcome." On
...the Geisha House carried
..."Good all day for voting."
...sign is "Welcome to the
...troops." Must be heart-
...ening by the price of

...discouraging word have 1
...Australian who was con-
...sidering the equivalent of
...abuse.



ON MIYAJIMA (Paradise Island), popular picnic resort off the coast near Iwakuni, Australians look over the shops, among Japanese passers-by.



IN THE GINZA in Tokio, Sgt. John McMahon (Kalgoorlie, W.A.) and Pte. Ted Elliott (Maryborough, Vic.), members of postal section, buy ornamental fish from one of the many street stalls that now crowd the famous thoroughfare.



WHITE HORSE in a cage at Miyajima. Visitors buy wheat for it at 50 sen (1d.) a bowl. The horse, turning in circles continually, is a pathetic sight.

What's on your mind?

House-letting control by local bodies

IT is time local governing bodies were given control of house-letting if babies are as necessary as the Government says.

In our town houses have become vacant, but they are invariably let to childless or elderly couples, or those with only one child.

The larger families are left to find other accommodation as best they can.

If we want large families we must cater for the needs of large families. Homes are needed to rear healthy children, and women with babies are the innocent victims of the Commonwealth-wide housing shortage.

Women cannot cope with families in crowded houses, and for two families to share a house is sheer cruelty.

Any community which allows the rising generation to suffer unnecessary hardship is committing a crime against the nation.

Babies of to-day, helpless as they are, will be the Australian men and women of the future. They must be given the security of a home now, if we want well-balanced, capable citizens.

W. J. to Mrs. J. Turnbull, Waroon, W.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Leaky trams

MISERIES of travelling in Sydney's hopelessly antiquated trams, especially in cold, wet weather, might be a little alleviated if slight, temporary repair was made to the leaky roofs in some of the trams.

On Ryde and several other lines passengers are forced to put up their



umbrellas or be soaked to the skin. In half-empty trams the umbrellas present no problem, as one can sit under them in comparative comfort, but in peak-hours the tangle of umbrellas and humanity is really appalling.

S/- to John Melbourne, Mountain Valley, Narrabri, N.S.W.

Advice from a soldier

I AM what is described as a psychiatric case. For the past few weeks I have been a patient at an A.G.H., and now I am to be discharged, reassured by the medico that I am fit and well and quite normal mentally.

But I am worried that my relatives, friends, and neighbors will look at me pilying, watch my every action, and murmur, "Yes, he was a psycho."

For myself and hundreds of returned men like me, I appeal to those who read this letter not to talk in whispers, nor imagine we are deranged; but treat us as normal men who, due to strain and anxiety after years of service, broke down. S/- to "Soldier."

Race broadcasts

SELDOM does a Saturday afternoon pass without practically every radio station blaring forth race descriptions. Why can't the descriptions be confined to one or two stations instead of monopolising the ether?

The descriptions are by no means as popular with the majority of listeners as some stations appear to imagine. If the managements took a census of the opinions on this matter, I'm sure they would realise this and rearrange their programmes accordingly for Saturday afternoons.

S/- to Mrs. N. Moxham, 19 Beresford Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Stamp outlives cloth

I OFTEN wonder if it is necessary for manufacturers to stamp clothing so indelibly that the clothing wears out long before the black marking.

I recently bought some babies' singlets which were stamped "Wool and Cotton, Guaranteed Unshrinkable." The printing practically covered half the singlets and refused to wash out.

It is the same with my husband's underclothes. If the articles must be stamped, I suggest the printing be done on the wrong side and abbreviated to W and C for wool and cotton, and so on.

S/- to E. Ross, 18 Kelburn St., Caulfield, Vic.

A sticky business

WHY do parents allow their children to board crowded trams eating ice-cream? Most people wear good clothes when going to town. It is very annoying to have ice-



cream split on them or rubbed on from seats where sticky hands have been wiped, as it is hard to remove.

S/- to J. Felle, Victor St., Grantham, Qld.

Gloves for dancers

I DO think it is a pity that the fashion for men to wear gloves while dancing was ever allowed to die.

Like many girls who attend dances regularly, I have often had an expensive frock soiled with the perspiration marks from partners' hands.

S/- to Miss L. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Post-office congestion

WHEN trying to buy stamps at city post-offices in an all-too-short lunch-hour one is frequently delayed for long periods by junior office-boys and girls buying large sheaves of stamps.

It would ease congestion at stamp counters considerably if business offices could send their staff to buy stamps in bulk during working hours.

S/- to Miss R. White, Flat 3, 62 Cook Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

Invitation from the Boss

Continued from page 7

GAY ran up the steps, tossing back her hair. "I am so glad to see you." She grabbed both of Rosemary's hands and studied her—the chestnut hair, the green eyes, the short, straight nose, the green tweed suit.

"Simply delighted." She grinned at John—a big approving grin.

"It's simply grand having you here, Rosemary. All right to call you Rosemary?"

"Of course. Please do."

"You hear that, John? Act on orders. I'm Gay. You are almost exactly what I expected. John's description was remarkably on the beam. Cigarette, Johnny, please."

Rosemary was completely baffled. What a simply extraordinary girl for John to be married to! She liked this Gay, she liked her tremendously.

John obviously adored his wife. As they stood before the fireplace she had her arm through his and every time she spoke he looked down at her and smiled fondly.

"You're terribly pretty," Gay said. "I'm an awful fool about people's looks. Silly, but—"

"When John was looking for a secretary I said, 'Now, John, for the love of Pete, do get a really good-looking girl. Eight hours of the day you have to sit and look at her.' That's more trying than matrimony, isn't it?"

Somehow the way she made these personal remarks wasn't offensive at all, she was so sincere and friendly.

They were sitting in the big windowed morning-room . . . just the three. Surely the strangest triangle that ever was. She, Rosemary, sat there loving John almost to death and liking Gay tremendously. There was Gay loving John and obviously liking his secretary very much. And there was John loving his wife and feeling how—about his secretary? You tell me, Rosemary begged the heavens up through the ceiling. If he isn't the picture of a man in love with two women and completely pleased about the whole thing.

But Gay was not entirely happy. She seemed nervous. "When's lunch?" she suddenly shot at John.

"I don't know," he said. "Jenny, how soon is dinner?" The girl thought in three-quarters of an hour.

"All right." She paced the floor again. Then she stopped. "John, be an angel. I left my cigarette case at the Goodwins. Do run over and get it for me. Take my bike. Obvious to a babe in arms. It was a poorly executed ruse. He was no sooner out of the house than she rushed to the phone.

Rosemary could hear her plainly; she apparently wasn't meant not to hear. "Biddy . . . John's coming over. Keep him. Fifteen minutes at least. Thanks, Toots." She laughed nervously and hung up.

"Now," she turned to Rosemary. She threw herself on to the couch, and looked searchingly at John Park's secretary. "Tell me quick," she said, "are you in love with John?"

Rosemary swallowed and then it came. "Yes, I am in love with him." She couldn't help a certain defiance in her tone. "I really hesitated to come out here to-day," she added.

"But, my dear, how foolish why not? Of course he doesn't know that I know how far gone he is. You needn't worry . . . he won't know about this talk. Everything will go on just as it has been on the surface, but I had to know where I stand. I hate to be so brusque with you, but I simply have to make my own plans."

Rosemary looked out of the window. She should be happy almost to bursting. John loved her. His own wife said so. And his own wife was apparently offering to hand him over to her.

"How do you know he is in love with me?" she asked.

"Well, he talks about you when he comes home at nights and he talks and he talks. Everything you do is perfect. You saw him just now, he couldn't take his eyes off you."

"And are you pleased?" she asked his wife.

"Pleased? That's a mild word. Naturally I'm pleased for him. I simply love John to death and to have him happy means everything

to me. Of course it must be obvious to you that I have fallen in love too. This has been a queer household for these past few weeks." She laughed without embarrassment. "I met Hugh only eight weeks ago, but it was like fireworks for us both. He's in the R.A.F. and he's going to be stationed in Canada. I could go right with him, but I wouldn't think of going and leaving John in the lurch. I just couldn't do it. He's like a darling younger brother to me."

"I see," Rosemary said a trifle coldly. Why wasn't she feeling happier?

"You can see why I wanted you to come to-day and how delighted I was when I found you were exactly the girl for John. Hugh is at the Goodwins' now. He leaves to-day."

"Does John know you are in love with Hugh?"

"I don't know. He may suspect but he's been so taken up with thinking about you that he has hardly known I am alive."

"What about the boys?"

"I thought, if you didn't mind, they could stay with you here for a while. I hope Hugh and I can live here later. John would prefer a farm with horses and sheep and everything."

The devil himself had taken the trouble to bring her out here and show her the kingdoms of earth and the glory of them. Maybe I am old-fashioned, she thought, but I can't have him handed to me this way. This is her story. What is his? A passing fancy for a secretary. Maybe, he had been excited about having her come out, but he had certainly looked at Gay with the deepest affection. No, I can't do it . . . definitely . . . finally.

"Once I thought second marriages were just plain sin," Gay was going on. "Under any circumstances. And naturally I adored Paul. He was like John, only older—four years. You remember how he was killed. Ace here—all that. I thought I'd never look at another man. But this love for Hugh, it's a rebirth. It's a new me. The old me loved Paul and still does and always will. This new me loves Hugh."

How can words—just a few simple words coming out of a girl's mouth—change the whole world? How can the earth reverse on its axis in seconds? Colonel Paul Parks. They thought, of course, she knew Gay was his widow. John, his brother, John had no wife—no Grace—no Gloria—no Gay even.

"Here he comes," Gay said. "We mustn't let him know we have been talking about him. I have an idea he will ask you to go for a long walk this afternoon and get up his nerve and ask you then. Now look," she faced Rosemary squarely. "I don't want to feel I have pushed you into this. You really love John? I wouldn't have him hurt for worlds." Rosemary looked Gay in the eyes. "Gay, I . . . I . . ." she laughed and her breath caught. "I don't know how to tell you how much I love him."

And then there he was, out of breath from hurrying back to her. "It's wonderful out, Rosemary. How about—would you like to take a walk this afternoon?"

"I'd love it." Darling, darling. "I'd love it."

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Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service is available to every man, woman, and child in Australia. In every State Blood Banks provide free service.

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Red Cross gives special training in child management, home nursing, and first aid. It supports kindergartens, helps crippled children and incapacitated persons, and gives practical help in T.B. clinics.

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MOVING

into the room where the table was set and waiters were ready to serve, Mr. Bobbs resumed a conversation with Maxton Howland.

"It's found with iron and copper and other metals," he said, "and, consequently, is a by-product. I know of only one mine in the country that is worked specifically for molybdenum."

"Pretty useful, isn't it?" asked Howland.

"It's vital," Bobbs smiled. "I'd rather find a deposit of molybdenum than a first-class gold mine."

"Its principal use," suggested Howland, "is as an alloy in the making of stainless steel."

"That," said Morton, "is one of its uses."

The dinner was well along toward the dessert when the bell rang, and, after a pause, a large young man—not so huge as Wells, but large enough to be above the average—stood hesitantly in the doorway.

His hair was slightly rumpled, not as if some recent happening had made it untidy, but rather as if that were its natural state. His dinner jacket, not ill-fitting, carried a grey, dusty smudge down its left side, of which he seemed completely unconscious. His face was rather thin, and his eyes seemed large, as the eyes of those not in the best of health sometimes do.

In one hand he carried a battered hat and in the other a large, soiled, heavy paper bag which contained something of weight. His manner was diffident and vague.

"I am Mike Bronson," he said.

"Was I invited here to dinner?"

"You were," said Mrs. Morton severely. "This is a pretty time to arrive."

"Yes'm," said Mike Bronson, rather as if he had not understood. He tried to shift his hat to the hand

that held the bag, and dropped it to the floor while he fumbled in his trousers pocket, bringing out some small objects that looked like pieces of some broken dish.

"Shards," he said. "Very odd. He found them close to the surface. Very odd indeed."

"Manners, Mike," said Mrs. Morton. "Your host, Mr. Bobbs, Miss Bobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Howland, Mr. Wells."

"Yes'm," said Bronson. He jingled the shards. "Not enough for defunct identification. But you wouldn't find Basket Maker One, Two or Three near the surface, nor Pueblo One or Two. Doesn't look like Pueblo at all. More characteristic of cultures found much farther east."

"What," asked Mrs. Howland with obvious amusement, "is the young man talking about?"

"Too much archaeology hath made him mad," said Mrs. Morton indulgently.

"What's in the bag, Mike? Did you bring your lunch?"

"Do you think I might sit down?"

Bronson asked, gripping his paper bag to his chest and further soiling his coat. "My legs still tremble if I stand too long. I'll be very glad to answer your questions if I may be seated."

Mrs. Morton took charge of him. "There's your chair," she pointed out, "and no one has asked you any questions except what makes you so late?"

"It was Big-Nose Kelly," he said. "I met him in the lobby. He was looking for me. He gave me the shards." He showed his big hat under his chair, but held the bag in his lap. "He wanted me to tell him about these samples."

"Big-Nose," explained Mr. Morton, "is an old sourdough. What does he think he's found?"

"He is very annoying," said Bronson. "Vague and suspicious. I cannot endure people who are vague."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton in admiration. "He doesn't like vague people?"

"Haven't seen him for a year. Off prospecting in the mountains up north. Myself, I think he is a monumental liar or else he suffers from illusions. Torreones," he said. "Square stone ones."

"On your plate," said Mrs. Morton, "you will find steak and potatoes."

He looked down at them in a baffled sort of way, as if they presented an insoluble problem.

"What about the samples?" asked Morton, the practical mining man. Bronson pushed away his plate, upsetting a glass of water, to which he paid not the slightest attention. He upturned the paper bag on the tablecloth where his plate had been, and a cloud of dust arose from a little heap of what seemed to be broken rock. Morton leaned forward eagerly, and stirred the heap with his finger.

"H'm," he said. "Porphyry, eh?" Bronson polished on his sleeve a little square of rock and held it up to the light. "Flecks," he said.

"What's your verdict?" Morton asked.

"Wouldn't say till I get it in the laboratory," Bronson said, "but it's got the look of molyb."

"Molly!" exclaimed Howland. Molly who? How could it look like Molly? The boy's addled."

"Not," said Morton, "when it comes to mineralogy. Molly's a sort of pet name for molybdenum."

"Where'd Big-Nose get it?" Morton asked.

Bobbs rapped on the table top with hard knuckles.

"Don't answer, young man," he said peremptorily, but pleasantly. "This thing's gone far enough. This is supposed to be a social occasion. He beckoned a waiter. "Will you remove that rock pile and put it in some sort of a container for Mr. Bronson. Now, eat, young man, or the procession will pass you by."

Bronson addressed himself absently to his food. Kelly studied him covertly as he did so. He had not noticed her—had not so much as cast an appraising glance in her

direction. Possibly he was very dull; maybe he was only shy, but, for all his awkwardness and odd concentration, he had an air. She thought he would be a very difficult young man to entertain. In addition to

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which, no young woman, no matter what her inhibitions, does upon being ignored.

The dinner came to an end and the party moved into the living-room. The talk was good, but Bronson took no part in it, and continued to be unaware of Kelsey's existence. He sat with his hands full of shards and studied them as if they absorbed all his interest.

Kelsey's curiosity overcame reluctance, and she went to occupy the chair next to the young man, with intention to probe. He turned a rather good head to peer at her as if she were a new arrival whom he had never seen before.

"Hello," he said. She pointed to the shards. "You're interested in that sort of thing?" she asked.

"Are you?" he countered.

"No," she said. "Then," he told her, not abruptly, but with an air of finality. "It will be a waste of time to talk about them."

Kelsey gasped. "You have very bad manners," she said.

"Have I?" he asked, not as if he had been rebuked, but as if she had made a statement that interested him. He considered it a moment.

That he was an important gadget in the money-making machine never occurred to him. A mine, to Mike, was not a source of wealth, but rather a constant series of engrossing problems which he enjoyed solving. For so young a man, his shrew was substantial, but he spent very little of it.

So he paid very scant attention to the conversation until Bobbs addressed him specifically.

"Now, Mike," he said, "what about those samples? Would they indicate a deposit of molyb?"

"They indicate," Mike said, "the possibility of such a deposit."

Morton smiled at his superior. "That's the best you'll get out of Mike until he applies the acid test," he said.

"Where did this prospector find it?" Bobbs asked.

"Somewhere up in the Four Corners District," said Mike.

"The Four Corners?"

"The one spot in the United States," Mike said, "where four States, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, and Colorado, touch. Big-Nose wouldn't be more specific."

"Know the country?"

"Nobody knows it. Big stretches unexplored and even unexplored."

"How about this prospector? Will he talk?"

"Never can tell," said Mike, "what whiskey will do to a prospector's tongue."

"But did you get all his samples? Has he more to show around?"

"I couldn't say," Mike said.

"Can you put him on ice until you're able to make a report?"

"We could invest a few dollars in him," Morton said. "If you think it's important."

"It," Bobbs said, "is a thing can be important, then we ought to deal with it as if it were important."

"I'll see to it," Morton said, and Mike glanced at him sideways, as if he was dubious of Morton's ability to cope with ancient prospectors just returned from lonely trips into the fastnesses.

"If this thing," Bobbs said, "should turn out to be a workable deposit of molybdenum, it would be pretty fancy."

Kelsey opened her bedroom door and stepped into the living-room. She wore jodhpurs and shirt with red and yellow lines of color. Spurs dangled from her hand. She nodded somewhat curtly.

"Riding, eh?" her father asked.

"Yes. The Blane girls and their brother and Pete Skillman."

"Giving aid and comfort to the enemy, eh?" Morton asked jocularly.

"It's not my party," Kelsey said. "I'm only a passenger. Pete's a friend of the Blanes. Not that it matters. I ignore most of Dad's feuds."

"But his feud with Pete's uncle is extra special," teased Morton.

Bobbs grinned sardonically. "Tom Skillman and the Potosi copper people are licking their wounds," he said with satisfaction. "I sank the tomahawk in them hard the last time we clashed."

Mike Bronson was peering at Kelsey, not as a young man peers at a slender girl who might be beautiful if her eyes were not hidden by dark glasses, but in the scholarly way of one seeking knowledge.

"I'd like to talk to you some time, Miss Bobbs," he said.

"How nice of you," she exclaimed ironically. "What would you like to talk to me about?"

"Manners," he said. "I would like to have you explain in what respect your manners are better than mine, and why."

"You can't," she said, "make comparisons with the non-existent." She nodded curtly to her father and Morton, and strode from the room.

"Evidently," said Morton, "you've made a conquest, Mike."

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The Australian Women's Weekly—June 15, 1946



"What," he asked, "are good manners? I mean who says what are and what aren't?"

"I've no desire," she said tartly, "to enter upon a discussion of decorum."

"Not? Then probably you can't. People always are willing to talk about a subject upon which they are informed." He thrust the handful of shards into his coat pocket, so that it bulged. "What can you talk about intelligently?" he asked.

He was not being disagreeable. That was apparent to her. He merely was asking for information.

"I know about horses," she said. "They do not interest me," he told her.

"It is difficult to carry on a conversation with you."

"Then why try it?" he asked. "Do people have to talk all the time?"

"I certainly," she said, getting up rather suddenly, "do not have to talk to you any of the time."

He smiled at her vaguely and appeared not the least disturbed by her abrupt desertion.

Promptly at eleven, old Mr. Wells announced that it was his bedtime. The rest of the party drifted after him. At the door, Bobbs said to Morton, "Can you come up round nine-thirty in the morning?" And fetch Bronson alone? Business."

"We'll be here," Morton said.

"And, Bronson, lug those samples along. I'd like to take a look at them."

"Right," Bronson said. He followed the Mortons to the elevator and quite failed to say good-night to Kelsey. Apparently she was negligible.

At their conference the following morning, Bobbs and Morton discussed business matters, labor difficulties, shortage of manpower and transportation, which had no interest for Mike Bronson. The intricate methods by which men made or lost money did not even excite his curiosity.

MIKE stared at the doorway through which Kelsey had disappeared. "But I really wanted to know," he said. "Mr. Bobbs," he added tactfully, "your daughter is a particularly disagreeable girl."

"You agree," said Bobbs dryly, "with the matured opinion of experts . . . How soon can you give me a report on those samples of ore?"

"I can leave for the mine immediately. If I can give you time to it exclusively, I should be able to give you an analysis to-morrow."

"Do so," said Mr. Bobbs. Bobbs and Morton smiled at each other as the young man left the room. "Destined for woman trouble," Morton said.

"Who isn't?" countered Bobbs. "They valued the boy in Washington."

"Too much. He didn't know he was being overworked until they begged him to the hospital. Just getting on his feet again. But he made a real contribution . . . See the morning papers?"

"No. Anything special?"

"Twenty-nine German prisoners of war escaped from Papago last night. Must have been a mining man among them. They tunneled through rock, apparently with tooth-picks."

Bobbs shrugged. "They'll be picked up," he said.

As Mike passed through the lobby he saw Kelsey Bobbs standing near the desk in conversation with a young man, also wearing jodhpurs. He was tall—as tall as Mike—and his fine flannel shirt displayed well a depth of chest and breadth of shoulders. His hair was light and his eyes were grey. Maybe his mouth was a trifle too small, but there were lines of humor, perhaps saturnine, which gave to his whole face an expression which would be attractive to women. Mike had never seen him before, but deduced that he was Peter Skillman.

Not exactly from shyness, Mike turned to the left as he stepped out of the elevator, and walked to the door down the far side of the lobby. He did not acknowledge that he was aware of Kelsey's presence.

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Just before he reached the revolving doors, a man wearing a battered and ancient black sombrero and patched and faded trousers arose from a chair and intercepted him. His age might have been anything from forty to sixty. He was leathery-looking, with small, sharp blue eyes. Mike nodded his head in confirmation of an idea, and clicked regretfully.

"So," he said, "you probably haven't a dime left."

"Nary dime," Big-Nose Kelly said imperturbably. "Huntin' a grub-stake."

"Morton wants to see you. Take the elevator to the top."

"Interested in them samples?"

"Go and talk to him. I'm taking them to the laboratory."

Kelly scratched the organ that gave him his name. "Jest in case he hain't a mind to do business. I could use, maybe, a ten-spot."

Mike stripped off a bill. "Now don't get lost before I get back with my report."

"Hain't apt to," Kelly said, and moved off, stiff-kneed, toward the elevators.

It was five o'clock on the following day when Mike eventually returned from the mine and re-entered the lobby of the hotel. He had telephoned when he left the laboratory, so both Bobbs and Morton were waiting for him in the apartment.

"What's the verdict?" Bobbs asked.

"My tests," Mike said, "show the presence of molybdenite, a mineral consisting of molybdenum disulphide. Superficially resembles graphite, but is readily to be distinguished by its greater density."

"Yes, yes," Bobbs said testily. "This hain't a school of mines. Come to the point. Your practical conclusions?"

"Are," said Mike, and there appeared the merest trace of enthusiasm in his voice, "that it would be wise to explore the possibilities of this find with all possible expedition." He paused. "Did Kelly come up here yesterday morning?"

"He's on the payroll," said Morton. "No lump sum. He'd go on a tender. Five dollars a day until further notice."

Mike nodded approval. Then he frowned. His mind noted oddly separated but practical details, sometimes in a surprising manner.

"Peter Skillman was in the lobby when I encountered Kelly," he said. "Does he know who you are?"

"I couldn't say."

"Or Kelly?"

"He would know a prospector when he saw one," said Mike.

"No matter," Morton said with a shrug. "We've got Kelly hogged."

"Nobody," said Mike, "ever hogged a man like Big-Nose." Then, eagerly, "Mr. Bobbs, I'd like to take the party in to investigate this thing for two reasons."

"Two?"

"Yes. The first, of course, would be the scientific angle—the molybdenite. But the second is those torreones that Kelly claims to have seen, and probably didn't."

Bobbs looked at Morton with slightly raised brows.

Morton nodded approval. "Mike's earned it," he said. "And a pack trip into the mountains, in the high air, might put him squarely on his feet again."

"Or kill him," said Bobbs. "It'll be no de-luxe camping trip. Anyhow, Mike, if you want it, it's yours. I leave the preparations and plans to you. Get busy."

He raised his voice. "Kelsey! Oh, Kelsey! Is my atlas in your room?"

Kelsey appeared in the door with a big book. "Geography class?" she asked.

"A camping trip," her father said.

"What kind of a camping trip?"

"We just want to satisfy our curiosity," said Bobbs.

"It's those samples of ore," Kelsey said.

"Yes," said her father. "But let me impress it upon you that it's not to be talked about."

"I'm going along with you on this camping trip," Kelsey stated.

"Nonsense!" said her father.

"I'm going along," she repeated.

Mike Brownson looked down at her without personal interest. "This is my expedition," he said. "It is not a social picnic. It is serious business. I'll be bothered by no women."

"That," said Kelsey, "is what you think."

She did not argue the point, but walked away as if it had been decided in her favor. At her bedroom door, she paused and turned.

"About too much talk," she said.

"Your warning is several hours too late."

"What do you mean?" her father asked sharply.

"Go down to the lobby," she said, "and listen to the gossip. There was a trace of malice in her smile. 'Don't have conversations with prospectors in our revolving doors if you don't want to be talked about.' She closed the door after her very softly to punctuate her closing irony."

"I think," said Mike slowly, "that she refers to Peter Skillman."

"In which case," said Mr. Bobbs soberly, "you'd better get things whizzing. And in making your plans," he added, "you will include Kelsey and myself."

Mike stiffened.

"This is not a pleasure party, Mr. Bobbs," he said. "We are going into a rough and difficult country. Your presence and that of Miss Bobbs will hamper us greatly. There will be no comforts. There may be hardships."

"You think I couldn't take it?" asked Bobbs.



"I think, Mr. Bobbs," said Mike, "that you do not know what you are undertaking."

"But," said Bobbs, "your real objection is Kelsey."

"It is. A girl has no business on such a trip."

Bobbs hesitated before he spoke. "I want her to go, Mike. I'm worried about her. She has got herself into a state of mind that troubles me. I do not understand it. Something has thrown her off her balance, and a trip like this, with its physical weariness, away from people, back into the wilds, might restore her equilibrium."

"Then," said Mike, "why not organize a pack trip? Get some good dude wranglers, accustomed to that sort of thing. There are people who make a business of it."

"Not the same, that. It would be artificial. This is real."

"I don't like it," Mike said.

"Nor her?" asked Bobbs, not resentfully, but almost pathetically.

"I neither like nor dislike Miss Bobbs," Mike said. "I merely do not like to be responsible for the safety of a girl in that sort of country."

"Then," said Bobbs, "see to it there isn't any danger."

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And to think they're the same age!



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Land of the Torreones

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MIKE breathed deeply. "Very well, Mr. Bobbs. Will you see to it that we have the correct permission from the Government? The country into which we are going is mostly Government land. Also that we have permission from the proper authorities to investigate any archaeological finds?"

"You want a licence to dig?" asked Bobbs. "Very well. I will obtain it."

The outer door of the apartment opened and Kelsey entered. Her arms were full of small packages. "How did he take it?" she asked. Bobbs' eyes twinkled. "He was not overjoyed," he said. "He got to his feet. 'I've a meeting at our lawyer's,' he said, 'so I'll leave you to discuss it. You might as well get acquainted. You'll be thrown together pretty intimately when we get started, so you may as well get the preliminaries over.'"

There was silence when he went away, awkward on Mike's part, but of amused irony on Kelsey's.

"Well?" she asked presently. "You," he said, "have gratified a selfish whim. Ignoring the unnecessary labor it will cause, the possible danger to the party, and that you may be the cause of the failure of the expedition."

"That seems to cover the ground," she said. "It would be futile to appeal to you."

"Quite," she said. "In that case," he said, "there are points that should be made clear to you."

"Make them clear," she said. "Possibly I will agree."

"It is not a question of your agreement," he said, "but one of your obedience."

"And whom am I to obey?" "Me," he said succinctly. "And if I don't?" she asked, more out of curiosity than perty. His manner changed. For the moment he seemed younger, less the grave scientist and more the young man with very human passions. He looked directly into her lenses and said: "If you don't I'll slap you down until you bounce."

He never knew what reply Kelsey would have made to this declaration, because the doorbell rang before she could open her lips. She walked across the room and into the foyer. Mike heard the opening of the door and Kelsey's greeting to the caller.

She reappeared, a young man at her heels. "Mr. Bronson," she introduced, "Mr. Skillman."

The young men shook hands and appraised each other. "I dropped in," Skillman said, "to ask Miss Bobbs to ride this afternoon. If she thinks well of the

idea, won't you come along with us, Bronson?"

"I have never ridden for pleasure," Mike said.

"I doubt," Kelsey added, "if Mr. Bronson wastes time on pleasures."

"He is a busy man," Skillman said. "You butterflies don't understand us mining people. We work."

"We?" asked Kelsey with lifted brows.

"Oh," Skillman said lightly, "when I seem most frivolous I am sometimes getting the best results. The hand is quicker than the eye." He laughed lightly. "Well, how about boots and saddles after lunch?"

Kelsey shrugged. "Might as well," she said. "I've got to get into condition. Maybe Dad'll like to go with us. He needs a bit of hardening up."

Mike frowned a warning, but Kelsey ignored him.

"What is Mr. Bobbs going into training for?" Skillman asked. "Another bout with Uncle Tom?"

"Dad is going to forget business for a month or so," she answered.

"Something," Skillman said, and again Mike suspected a double meaning, "will probably recall it to his attention."

The possible innuendo of Skillman's words made Mike more and more uneasy.

Taken together with Kelsey's statement that there was gossip in the lobby, he became distinctly worried. He forced himself to get to his feet and prepare to leave.

"You don't have to go?" asked Kelsey with spurious reluctance. "We were having such a nice, friendly time."

"I hope," he said, "we shall always have nice, friendly times." He moved toward the door. "Good morning, Mr. Skillman."

"Bye," Skillman said, and there was a slight but distinct pause. "I'll be seeing you."

That afternoon Mike took the train for the east. He was absent ten days in Gallup, their projected point of departure, making inquiries and outfitting the expedition. He went about his work quietly and as secretly as was possible. Such inquiries as he made about roads to the north-west were made casually and with discretion, and he learned much about the rough and all but unexplored territory into which they were to venture.

What he learned increased his reluctance to be burdened by the presence of Kelsey and her father on the long, arduous trip that lay before them.

Having completed all it was possible to accomplish, he returned to Phoenix, arriving early in the morning. He went directly to the hotel to report to Mr. Bobbs. In the apartment he found Bobbs and Morton, and they were in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Bad news, Bronson," Bobbs said abruptly. Bronson waited.

"Big-Nose Kelly has disappeared," Morton said. "Every morning he stopped in for his five dollars until the day before yesterday. Nobody has seen him since."

Bronson continued to wait.

"The night before, he was very drunk in a dive on Jefferson Street."

"With whom?" asked Mike.

"The reports are that it was that big Welshman, Evans, and another, smaller, red-headed man. Evans is a foreman at the Potosi mine. None of the three have been seen for forty-eight hours."

Mike's eyes rested upon Bobbs accusingly. "Evidently," he said, "somebody has been talking too much. I was afraid of it. Young Skillman snooping round." He turned abruptly and walked to the door.

"Hold on. Where are you going?" asked Bobbs.

"To look for Kelly," said Mike.

"What chance have we of reaching his find without him to guide us?" "Precious little," Morton said despondently.

Mike looked at Bobbs bitterly. "Next time you come West," he said, "leave your daughter at home."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Fashion Frock Service

"TILDA" GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

and

"TEREY" BOY'S DRESSING-GOWN

These attractive dressing-gowns for your small boy or girl are available in warm woollen material in shades of green, warm-red, dusky-rose, and sky-blue.



The girl's gown is cut with a long shapely panel, buttoned to the neck and finished with a Peter Pan collar. The boy's gown is finished with a long roll collar and wraps warmly round the body.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .



No. 725—Infant's Frock and Bonnet

Clearly traced on white rayon crepe-de-chine, the pattern for this sweet little frock and bonnet set can be obtained ready for you to cut out and stitch together. Sizes: Infants, 11/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 12 months, 13/11 (4 coupons). Postage 3/4d extra.

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Cozy, 2/2 each. Traycloth, 1/2 each. Set of cozy and traycloth, 3/3. Postage 3/4d extra.



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THREE ATTRACTIVE COLLARS. Size: Medium. No. 1.—Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. No. 2.—Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. No. 3.—Requires 1yd. 36in. wide.

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NAME STREET SUBURB TOWN STATE SIZE Pattern Coupon, 15/9/46.

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

The good little black dress—cheap at £100!

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Mainbocher, famed dress designer, claims he is the cheapest dressmaker in town, although the minimum for a simple black dress from his Fifty-seventh Street salon is £100 and for a blouse £55.

HE explains that elegance is so irrevocably sewn into his creations that unless a woman changes shape she can wear his gowns for years, and the magazine "Life" publishes pictures to prove it.

They show well-known American society women wearing Mainbocher frocks five and six years old.

The customers frequently pay £200 or more for a gown.

Most of Mainbocher's customers buy about six outfits a year at the total cost of about £800.

Mainbocher is a telescoped name of Main R. Bocher, a Chicago boy who went to Paris with the American Army in 1917 and stayed to become one of the noted designers.

A FULL-PAGE advertisement for a new dress fabric is built on the illustrated theme of an English dandy aching-up the American girl in the street.

Sir Archie is made to say, "Ripping country, America. 'Everything's simply ripping—even the frock on that young thing boarding a tram. Prettily snug, eh? Isn't that intrinsic?'"

AT a recent auction sale of unclaimed packages in New York a dowager made a "blind" purchase for £3.

When she got into the cab and opened her prize she screamed in terror and hurriedly gave the parcel and contents to a taxi-man.

He took the contents to an optometrist, who claimed they were the most perfect pair of artificial eyes he had ever seen, and paid the taxi-man £30 for them.

A WOMAN phoned the police department and asked that a uniformed policeman be sent to escort her home after she won a dozen pairs of nylons in a raffle.

NEW beauty-parlor advertised for girl of "Very homely appearance."

When parlor got her it hired her to sit in the window with a sign round her neck reading, "Don't let this happen to you."

A YOUNG woman travelling on a Chicago-New York express was observed to be carrying a large, closely bundled crying doll, although you wouldn't know it was a doll unless you happened to look very closely.

Every few minutes she would make it bleat softly.

Fellow passenger asked her what was the idea.

She confessed she carried the doll to give her the appearance of being a nursing mother.

That made it easier to get a seat, and discouraged the advances of young men.

HAVING a baby at 40 has advantages, says Bertha Wood Barron in an article in a New York magazine.

And Mrs. Barron ought to know. She had her third child at that age. She points out that the modern medical opinion is that when a woman has already borne a child, the age when she bears more children is of no obstetrical importance.

She finds she enjoys her late baby more than the earlier two, and attributes this partly to the release from early tensions of marriage.

She scorns the old wives' tales about the dangers of late pregnancies, and adds: "My third child may not be a genius, but research proves that most geniuses are born of mature parents."

Mrs. Barron recalls a case of a Frenchwoman who gave birth to a son when she was aged 83.

A NEW YORK Red Cross director reports that there will be more girl life-savers on local beaches this summer.

He adds that nine out of ten calls for help come from men.

COMPLETELY painless childbirth tends to lessen the mother's affection for and deep attachment to her new-born baby, many leading American obstetricians and psychologists believe.

At a recent convention they said that the physical strain of the mother enriched the affection for her child.

"I'm the family Prices Commissioner"

**Now we're getting more for our
money—and SAVING for the
FUTURE as well!**

Not so long ago we were spending money like water, and not getting much to show for it! As fast as it came home on Fridays, out it used to go! But we didn't care. We had a lot saved up, and Dick was being well paid.



1. One day some unexpected bills came in, and we just hadn't the money to pay them—we had to draw heavily on our savings. Somehow, seeing the bank balance go down with such a bump was a terrible shock.



2. I could see my dreams of all the new furnishings and appliances, perhaps even a home of our own later on, vanishing with our money. Dick was worried, too. "This will have to stop," he said. That night we took a look at things.



3. It was amazing where the money had gone. Most goods were still reasonably priced—but some of those more difficult to control have found their way to the blackmarket... it seems that the less necessary things are, the more they cost!

So I was appointed . . .

SO I was appointed Family Prices Commissioner then and there . . . to prevent our careless spending, to avoid buying high-priced goods we could do without, and not to pay a "little more" for goods in short supply.

In this way, Dick said, we'd not only save but we'd help keep prices down, we'd help the Prices Commissioner to help us, and we'd help everyone, including ourselves, to get a fair share of the goods available. Later on, we can buy all the things we need and get real value for our money!

Yes, we're saving now, and of course we're buying Bonds and Savings Certificates, and earning better than bank rates of interest on our money, which is always available if we want it.

Appoint a Prices Commissioner to your family—it will pay—now and in the future.

Save all you can, and invest your savings at better than bank interest in *Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates*. Later, when goods are plentiful again, you will get more for your money in everything you buy.

★ Savings Certificates may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office and advance subscriptions to the next Commonwealth Cash Loan may be made through any Bank or Stockbroker.



**BE A SAVER
NOT A SPENDER
HELP KEEP
PRICES
DOWN**

★ Buy Bonds and
Savings Certificates

Doctor Sze's Buddha

Continued from page 13

CUTTING him short, Toyura asked the boys, "How old are you?"
"I am seven years old," the elder said.
"I am six years old," the younger said.
"You are old enough," the sergeant concluded. "You can do something at the factory. Come!"
"How many delights of wisdom are awaiting them?" Doctor Sze went on. "After we have studied much of Gautama Buddha, perhaps we will even begin to study Kung Fu-tai!"

The sergeant pointed his bayonet at the boys and said, "Go!"
The boys, terrified, moved before the point of the bayonet. The younger began to wail; even the elder whimpered audibly.

"But first of all, we must learn of Buddha," Doctor Sze insisted righteously.

"Buddha?" asked Sergeant Toyura. He turned his head. As he did so, the boys crept away from the blade and stood in the background.

"Yes," the doctor said. "Do you know of Buddha?"

"Of course," the sergeant responded. "I know of Buddha."

"Excellent!" Doctor Sze exclaimed. "It is a pleasure to encounter a man of education. We must talk."

"No, I must go. I must bring workmen," said Sergeant Toyura.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Others are waiting outside for you. Of course."

"No, they are still several blocks away. But—"

"Then we have leisure. Have you ever been to Kamakura?"

"Yes," the sergeant said. "Many times."

"Then you have seen the Great Buddha there?"

"Yes."

"I saw it once," Doctor Sze said. "Twenty-five years ago. How I long to view it again! Just the sight of it is soothing. I remember I sat—"

"It must have been for hours—and looked. But until I see it again, I am consoled."

"How?" Sergeant Toyura asked.

"By this," the doctor said, going to the table that held his green Buddha, carved of stone. "It is not much. But it is an exact copy of the Great Buddha."

Doctor Sze picked up the Buddha. Sergeant Toyura went over to look at it. Doctor Sze hurled the Buddha with all his strength and struck Sergeant Toyura on the temple with it. The sergeant was stunned, but he made an effort to raise his rifle.

Doctor Sze quickly recovered the Buddha and brought it down on the sergeant's head again. Sergeant Toyura slumped to the floor.

Now Doctor Sze grasped the Buddha in both hands. He lifted it high and brought it down, crashing, on the sergeant's skull. Then the doctor rested, panting, and he returned the Buddha to the table.

The doctor took a few deep breaths, then resumed normal breathing. "Come," he said.

The boys went to him. The old man grasped the sergeant's head. At his direction, the boys grasped the feet. They dragged the body into the next room.

Using the bayonet, Doctor Sze carefully removed a few boards from the floor, taking pains not to splinter any of them.

"Are we going to bury him?" the elder asked excitedly.

"There may not be time," said the doctor; "and we might not be able to dispose of the extra dirt."

The three worked together, pushing the body into the gap.

They replaced the planks. Doctor Sze got down on his hands and knees, inspecting every inch of the floor for a splinter. At last he rose to his feet, apparently satisfied.

"Do you wish to work in the factory?" Doctor Sze asked.

"No, sir," said the boys in unison.

"Then come," Doctor Sze directed.

They went back to the study room. Doctor Sze attacked the planks of the study-room floor with his bare fingers. Soon one of the boards was lifted an inch or two, and the boys slipped their fingers under this, raising it still farther. At length, with much bruising of hands, they created a large hole in the floor.

"A minute," said Doctor Sze.

He hurried out, and then returned bearing two rice balls. He gave one to each of the scholars. "Eat these silently, as you have been taught," he said. "Make no noise. Say no word. Breathe quietly until I come for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," they said together. "Then get under the floor."
The boys, afraid and delighted, thrust themselves into the hole. With much pressing and grunting, they found positions in which they could lie under the floor.

Doctor Sze said severely, "No word, no noise, until I come for you!"

"Yes, sir," they both said.

Then Doctor Sze replaced the boards. The scholars were in darkness. The ground was dark and cold. At first they were too afraid to eat. But at last they did begin to munch—silently, as they had been directed—on the balls of rice.

They could hear themselves breathing. They attempted to breathe without noise. The elder and the younger touched their hands together and then clasped them very tight. They did not cry.

And presently they heard a loud beating on the doctor's door, beating like that of Sergeant Toyura. They heard Doctor Sze's footsteps, then the door's opening. After that, there was tramping of many heavy feet on the floor. There was talking, too, but it sounded so hollow to them that they could not make out the words.

The elder felt the younger shuddering with the cold and fright. He clasped his hand even tighter and the shuddering ceased.

There was much loud shouting above. But each shout was followed by the gentle voice of Doctor Sze. Then there was more tramping of heavy feet, and the tramping was directly over their heads. The younger scholar's breathing became more rapid, became louder, and there was a little catch in the breathing. Hurriedly in the dark, the elder groped for and found the younger's mouth and clasped his hand upon it. The younger made no noise.

There was much tramping together. There was the opening and closing of the door. There was a vast and almost eternal stillness.

But at last there was a clanging on the boards above them. There was light. And there was the face of Doctor Sze.

"Come out," he said.

They came out. They helped him replace the boards in the floor. As he instructed, they brushed the dank dirt from their clothing and they watched as Doctor Sze moved all about the house, inspecting every corner and putting all in order.

At last Doctor Sze came into the study room, sat on the floor beside the table containing his Buddha, and said, "Let us go on with the lesson."

The scholars sat cross-legged before him.

Doctor Sze picked up the Li Chi and said, "We will now learn of correct behaviour. We will begin with the obligations of sons in the morning. At the first crowing of the cock, the son is to rouse himself from sleep."

He paused a moment and then inquired, "What is the son to do at the first crowing of the cock?" He waited, but received no reply. He repeated, "What is the son to do at the first crowing of the cock?" There was still no answer.

He looked up. The scholars were not listening. They were gazing, fascinated, at the doctor's large green Buddha, carved of stone. On the Buddha's head there was a great red stain. Ignoring the lesson, the boys stared at it.

"Lay aside the self!" exclaimed Doctor Sze.

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Will spend holiday in Australia

By VIOLA MacDONALD

Ann Richards will be in Australia this week on a flying visit.

I saw her during her last-minute shopping preparatory to flying both ways for a quick, three weeks' vacation in Australia, which she has not visited since she left to seek Hollywood fame four years ago.

ANN returns on the crest of a wave, with two starring pictures about to be released.

They are "Badman's Territory," with Randolph Scott, and "The Searching Wind," with Robert Young and Sylvia Sydney.

Ann said, "I can get only three weeks off altogether, so I will only have time to visit old friends, but I am doing some radio plays, and hope to have a chance to speak to more friends over the radio."

"I am taking my own tea, as I am such an enormous tea drinker, and I don't want to drink up all of mother's rations."

"I have been looking forward to going home for so long now that I can hardly believe I am almost there."

"On my return I will probably start immediately another Hal Wallis film."

"I hope to visit England later in the year, as there is a possibility of my doing a picture there."



CHIPS RAFFERTY, Australian film star, who will begin work soon in England in "Joanna Godden." Ealing Studios have taken up the option on his contract, which Chips is signing here, watched by his mother, Mrs. Violet Goffage, and his wife.

GLENN FORD is chopping up an ancient tramcar and using the wooden seats for garden furniture and part of the structure for a playhouse for his two-year-old son Peter.

JIMMY DURANTE is off to New York, celebrating his thirtieth year in the show business.

Friends are planning a huge party in the Silver Slipper night-club, where Durante got his start.

What the future held for Betty...

You put on a marvellous show, Betty

Your crystal ball act is the hit of the bazaar

One more performance, Tom—then we can dance for the rest of the evening

Do you mind if we skip the dancing, Betty. It's a bit too close, tonight

Betty's a grand girl. Too bad she's not a real mind reader—then she'd know how much we dislike "B.O."

IDEA

I've got it, Tom! Where's my lipstick...ah!

Now, to get this done before Betty gets back!

Ladies and Gentlemen! As I gaze into the crystal ball...er...er

WHAT BETTY SAW IN THE CRYSTAL BALL

DON'T RISK "B.O." USE LIFEBOUY

A daily bath with any soap is not enough to stop "B.O." Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, is the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." and gives lasting, all-over protection.

My, I like this Lifebuoy lather—so cooling and refreshing! And Lifebuoy with its special ingredient really stops "B.O."

FEW DAYS LATER

You don't need a crystal ball to know I love you, Betty. You're the only one for me now!

Thanks... And Lifebuoy is the only soap for me—from now on!

LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

Husband and wife as screen team

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Hollywood couples frequently quarrel and sometimes divorce over the fact that they both work, and "two careers in one family mean trouble."

However, this is not the case where a top feminine star is married to a cameraman who always works on her pictures.

MERLE OBERON, star of International's "Bella Donna," and Lucien Ballard, her cameraman husband, form a perfect screen team.

I caught up with the Ballards as they swung their new red car through Universal's gates early one morning.

Lucien, in an open-neck shirt, and Merle, with her dark curls tied back with a chiffon scarf, were ready to start a day's shooting on "Bella Donna."

At the gate Merle trotted off to the make-up department, and Lucien went directly to the set, where he started adjusting the day's set-up.

Merle arrived on the set an hour later, costumed and made-up.

I sat in her dressing-room with her until director Irving Pichel called her to the camera.

Merle said, "Though we seldom spend an evening apart and all of our days together, as I am in every scene of this film, we forget we are a married couple from the moment we walk on the set each day. Lucien is the cameraman; I am the actress."

"Lucien tells me the best angles, and during the shooting I do not receive any more attention than the other actors."

"We don't even lunch together, as he has conferences with the executives and I lunch in my dressing-room and take a brief nap."

"After the film's completion, we become husband and wife again and are taking a three months' holiday before starting our new film."

"First on the programme is a visit to Saratoga for the racing season, where we will stay with the Alfred Vanderbilts."

"We will then fly to Havana and then go by ship to Vera Cruz, Mexico, after which we will fly to Cuernavaca, where we will be house guests of Joseph Schenck."

Merle met Lucien Ballard when he was cameraman on her film "First Comes Courage." She was then the wife of Sir Alexander Korda.

Ballard has photographed several of her films since, and proposes to continue to do so.

Their latest story, "Bella Donna," has Merle in the exotic role of a London divorcee who marries an archaeologist, played by George Brent, and then gets involved with a half-breed bouncer in Egypt and attempts to murder her husband.

Merle waved good-bye as she and Lucien turned the car through the gates at the end of the day's shooting.



GLAMOR STAR Merle Oberon and her husband, cameraman Lucien Ballard, are somewhat unusual in Hollywood, as they work together on films for Universal.

Cameraman and actress were forgotten until to-morrow and they were now Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, still in the category of newweds very much in love and truly intelligent.

Watching the perfect teamwork between Merle and Lucien as actress and cameraman made me think of another happy team—Linda Darnell and her cameraman husband Ferverell Marley, who work together at Twentieth Century-Fox.



AUSTRALIAN STARS Ron Randell and Mariel Steinbeck, who will be seen very soon in the Columbia £80,000 production of "Smithy." The film opens at the State Theatre, Sydney, on June 26, with a gala performance for the R.A.A.F. Memorial Fund.

Bergman to star in Australian story

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

AN Australian story of the penal settlement in the eighteenth century, "Under Capricorn," will be filmed in Britain and will star Hollywood's first lady of the screen, Ingrid Bergman.

The director will be Alfred Hitchcock, who recently returned to his native country from Hollywood to fix the studio space and gather material for a fresh psychological thriller, "The Paradine Case."

BAD-GIRL roles are becoming a specialty of Gainsborough's new star Jean Kent, who is a flighty wife in "The Rake's Progress," a virtuous gipsy in "Caravan," and is now cast as a villainess in the Michael Redgrave-Richard Attenborough film, "The Man Within."

A SURE and happy sign that lovely Vivien Leigh's long and frightening chest illness is nearly cured is the news that Alexander Korda has signed a contract with her.

Vivien will also appear in a London play about August. At present she is in America with husband Laurence Olivier and his Shakespearian company.

YOUTHFUL director Peter Ustinov is now on location by the sea, directing commando and paratrooper raids for "Top Secret," and will have a visit from a distinguished relative shortly when his great-uncle, Alexandre Benois, the great Russian artist, who designed the decor in the famed Diaghilev ballets, comes to Britain to design the Cambridge Theatre's scenes for the opera season.

Film Reviews

★★★ DEAD OF NIGHT

A GLOOMILY eerie atmosphere is established early in BEF's top-notch spine-chiller. The film, which features five distinct stories written by well-known authors, has been handled with rare intelligence, and the result will send audiences shivering home to look under beds and in wardrobes.

Mervyn Johns is the architect who meets in a country house characters who had constantly recurred in nightmares, and each one relates some weird experience of his own.

Michael Redgrave is outstanding as the ventriloquist who becomes a slave to his evil dummy. Suspense in this sequence is terrific.

The one lighter note comes in a filming of H. G. Wells' famous "Golfing Story," with Naughton Wayne and Basil Radford in fine comic fettle.

Google Withers, young Sally Ann Howes, Roland Culver, Judy Kelly, and Frederick Valk all take part in a film in which it's not the ghosts which supply the jitters, but something brooding and unseen behind it all.

This is sure to make thriller fans hideously happy.—Embassy; showing.

★★ ABILENE TOWN

THE promised rush of Westerns has begun. United Artists stars Randolph Scott and Ann Dvorak in a rip-roaring tale of a Kansas official in 1870 who turns a riotous community into a semi-peaceable one with the aid of his fists and a couple of pistols.

It's all pretty much on the familiar Western pattern, but good direction keeps the action at top speed, and Scott does a very good job with his role of Dan Mitchell.

Ann Dvorak has three songs to sing as the dance-hall entertainer, and a new note is the change over of the affection of the policeman from the town beauty (Rhonda Fleming) to the gay Miss Dvorak. Edgar Buchanan is good as a hard-drinking sheriff.—Clivic; showing.

★★ THE SPANISH MAIN

IN this film of the days of roystering pirates and fair damsels RKO hands out a yarn which is marked very obviously "made in Hollywood."

Stars are Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, and Walter Slezak.

The story has plenty of action, and the technicolor business will appeal to many. Henreid is a Dutchman forced into piracy by Spanish cruelty, and Maureen O'Hara is the lovely Spanish aristocrat whom he captures and forces into marriage. Walter Slezak comes into the picture as the swaggering bully Governor of Mexico.

No great effort of acting is required from any of them, and Henreid certainly would never frighten even a child as the buccaner-Regent; showing.

★★ INDISCRETION

BARBARA STANWYCK returns to comedy for Warner's feather-weight yarn about the difficulties of a woman writer who has to attempt to live up to the housekeeping ability which her magazine public imagines she possesses. Miss Stanwyck, with her usual wry humor, copes with the situation and cheerfully goes through all the antics prepared for her by the script.

Eventually she wins a husband in sailor Dennis Morgan, who has been foisted on her as a week-end guest by publisher Sydney Greenstreet. The whole affair is amusing nonsense capably handled.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ BELLE OF THE YUKON

THERE'S some amusement to be gained from RKO's technicolor musical featuring the early days of the Yukon. It need hardly be added that the film contains slick gamblers, quick-witted dance-hall girls, a beautiful heroine, and a handsome hero. All the usual set-up is there, but the light-hearted attitude of the players and the semi-satirical story can go on the credit side.

Gypsy Rose Lee is the dance-hall queen, and Dinah Shore the beauti-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

ful heroine who sings various songs effectively, including the current hit, "A Sleigh Ride in July." Randolph Scott is the gambler and William Marshall the young hero who wins Dinah Shore. It's all old stuff but lighter than usual.—Plaza; showing.

★ TANGIER

UNIVERSAL'S tempestuous star

Maria Montez has been given a spy yarn this time, with plenty of mystery and luxury settings, and Robert Paige as the hero. Result is just average, with Maria as a Spanish dancer who is trailing a traitor and lands him in Tangier. Paige is one of those film war correspondents who have fallen by the wayside and need a super story to reinstate them. Villain of the piece is Preston Foster, who comes to a bad end in a crashing lift. Louise Britton (far better in comedy than melodrama) has an important role, and former star Reginald Denry turns up again. Miss Montez is beautiful, glamorous, and fiery, but a very poor actress.—Lyceum; showing.

★ EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES

BASED on an incident in the life of famous American producer Earl Carroll, this Republic musical lacks vitality. It is saved by the work of Constance Moore, who photographs perfectly and sings well. Dennis O'Keefe is the juvenile lead, and there's help from comedienne Eve Arden.—Lyric; showing.

WESLEY RUGGLES' lavish technicolor musical, "London Town," which was originally budgeted to cost half a million sterling, has soared, through studio difficulties and labor troubles, to near the million mark.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 108-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 15, 1946

Cane-ite will keep heat

IN during Winter

Those bent arrows show how Cane-ite ceilings and walls keep the warmth in your home. And Cane-ite walls and ceilings not only insulate your home but beautify it as well.



Insulate and Decorate your home with Cane-ite

When you insulate and decorate with Cane-ite you not only have a more comfortable house but a lovelier one.

Cane-ite is so quick and easy to erect, too. When you are renovating for instance, you simply put it right over old stained walls or cracked

plaster.

Give full scope to your colour sense — paint, kalso-mine, dye, or stencil right onto Cane-ite's natural suede-like surface. Remember . . . when you are planning to build or renovate — insulate and *decorate* with Cane-ite.

CANE-ITE
INSULATING BOARD

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Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
(Building Materials Division)

Marketing: CANE-ITE, SLAGWOOL, PLASTER PRODUCTS, ASBESTOS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth

OUT during Summer

See how the sun's rays are turned away from your room by that Cane-ite ceiling? Even on the hottest summer day your entire house can be degrees cooler — when you insulate and decorate with Cane-ite.



Veronica Lake

Says

MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY FACIALS DO WONDERS FOR MY SKIN... LEAVE IT FEELING SMOOTHER, SOFTER, LOOKING SO FRESH. ...I USE LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY DAY

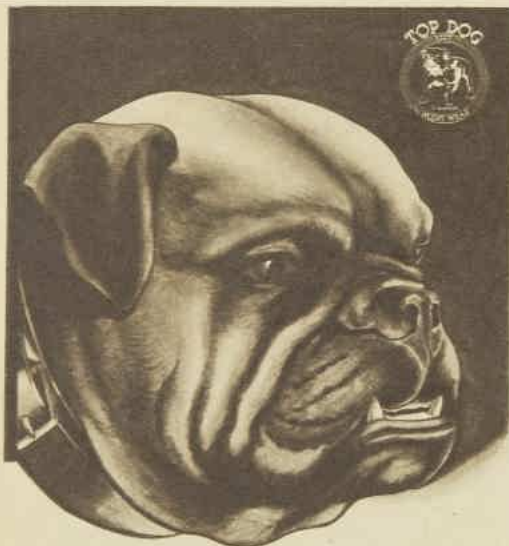


The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Screen Stars

Actual Statement by VERONICA LAKE, Paramount Star of "OUT OF THIS WORLD"

In recent tests, 5 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap. Try an active lather facial yourself with this pure white soap! Smooth its active lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat the face dry. Your skin will feel softer, fresher. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over!

LT.164.28



TOP DOG CLOTHES for MEN and BOYS



Page 38

Doll Face...



1 BURLESQUE ARTIST Doll Face (Blaine) is refused chance in Broadway show, as she has appeared only in second-rate theatres as a strip-tease performer.



3 AT A PARTY to celebrate completion of book, dancer Chita (Miranda) warns Mike that Gerard is in love with Doll Face, who insists on visiting Gerard's publisher.



5 A BROADWAY star part for Doll Face makes Chita tell Mike to try to see her, as she is still in love with him, not Gerard, but she is too proud to approach him.



2 DETERMINED to become more cultured, she plans with manager Mike (O'Keefe), who is her fiancé, to have young author Gerard (Dunne) help her write life story.



4 A BOAT ACCIDENT maroons Doll Face and Gerard on an island, and when angry Mike refuses to believe her story she leaves his show, which fails without her.



6 AT THEATRE Mike sees Doll Face and apologises. She forgives him and arranges for him to be half-owner of show, which was based on her autobiography.

NEW SONG HITS FEATURED

FEATURING five new song hits, "Doll Face," a Fox musical, is a story of a burlesque actress who finds Broadway success. With Vivien Blaine, Carmen Miranda, Dennis O'Keefe as stars, the current radio favorite Perry Como also appears and sings several songs, including a male hit tune which features the "wolf-tail" (Huh-huh-huh-huh). A newcomer is Michael Dunne.

Your hands, Madam - are what you make them

Excitingly New! Keeps hands soft, white and beautiful

Drest
Honey & Glycerine
HAND JELLY

Delightfully fragrant - quickly absorbed, leaves no greasy, sticky feeling... Drest Jelly softens the hands and smoothes away cracks, chapping or roughness.

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Dressmaking	Mail Order
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Mail This Coupon - Cut Here - TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in

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ADDRESS _____
A. W. W. 106 _____ AGE _____

The Australian Women's Weekly - June 15, 1946



Adorable... when you make the *most* of yourself

Of course you know that there is something about you which is appealing. Perhaps it is the tilt of your chin... or the tints of your hair... or the soft curves of your cheeks.

But you don't know *how* appealing and adorable you can be, until you accentuate your own natural loveliness with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder and Pond's "Lips".

So soft and fine-textured and fragrant, Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder *stays on*, smooth and flower-fresh for hours.

Pond's "Lips" brings radiant colour to your lips... and it's grand the way that glowing colour *lasts*.



Make-Up Trick to Make You Lovelier

Remember that it is better to use cotton wool for your powder puff than an old flat puff which results in streaky make-up. The light touch is essential for smooth powdering.

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder in 4 complexion-toning shades: Rachel, Suntan, Rose Brunette and Natural. Small size, 1/8; large size (almost double quantity) 2/10 — at all chemists, chain and departmental stores.



POND'S Dreamflower Face Powder

Use with Pond's Cold
and Vanishing Creams



POND'S 'LIPS' STAY ON ...



AND ON



AND ON

But yes,
Pond's "LIPS"
— stay on longer!

Now at all chemists and stores

What's wrong with this picture?*



DO you pride yourself on your general knowledge? Here is a chance to test your accuracy. No need to work up a headache over it (although Bayer's Aspirin Tablets will soon fix that!) because the answer appears below . . . but study the picture before you read it.

It's plain to see that the jockey has a headache. That's definitely wrong. He could so quickly get relief by taking two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets with water. It's the amazing speed with which Bayer's Aspirin Tablets dissolve when swallowed that accounts for the almost immediate relief they provide in all cases of headache.

The mistake in the picture is not so easily seen as that. What is it?

★ Answer: The bridle has no throat lash.



MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is dissolving. See for yourself why Bayer's Aspirin Tablets act so quickly.

Insist on

**BAYER'S
ASPIRIN
TABLETS**

24 for 1/3

100 for 4/-

**Grow
by the magic of**



**EYELASHES
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Le Charme
Dramatic advance in the search for eye beauty. Le Charme brings you the new wonder cream that actually grows your lashes and brows in 20 days. What woman—what man—doesn't love eyes fringed with long, silken lashes, and shapely brows? You'll see the change in a week—or even less. Try Le Charme Eyelash Grower to-day. All leading Stores and Chemists. If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post free from Box 228 G.P.O., Sydney.



ABOVE: Comfort plus charm. The room is long and narrow and the furniture has been placed to make a conversational group with the fireplace as the focal point.

(C)

RIGHT: Chairs and table of simple construction. The shape of the chairs follows the lines of the body in order to give the maximum amount of comfort.



Select furniture wisely

By NORA S. McDOUGALL, Our Home Decoration Expert

THE successfully decorated home is the one that has been carefully planned and each article bought with an eye on quality, beauty, and necessity.

Therefore it is necessary to plan your interiors, to take a measured floor-plan with you on your shopping excursions, and to know what you are buying.

Before approaching the salesman I would strongly advise you to take yourself window-shopping, in order to get an idea of what is on the market and the prices asked for goods.

Remember that the quality of the goods does not increase after a given price, but one should expect, at least, more individual and detailed style, design, or limited production.

Much has to be taken for granted in buying, especially upholstered furniture. So a reputable firm is your wisest choice even if the price is high, for it is more than their reputation is worth to let a bad article go out of their shop. What's more, a good firm will give a guarantee with their work.

The individual and important things to look for in buying furniture of good workmanship are often the small and unseen ones. Pretty colors and fragile fabrics are not expected to wear for ever, but the construction of furniture has to stand up to much hard wear over many years. So let's look for some of these small things.

Chairs: A chair, besides being of good proportions, should follow the laws of nature, taking the weight of the body in the right place and making full use of the fibrous strength of the wood. For instance, if legs are curved see that the grain in the wood is not cut short. Otherwise, with undue pressure, the legs will snap or crack along the length of the grain.

Take a chair, turn it upside down, and see how it is put together. Its joints should be dowelled and glued into place, and all surplus glue wiped away. In cheap work glue is left to clot and run.

To give extra strength, shaped

blocks (dowelled or screwed to the frame) should be in each corner. See that all under-edges are sandpapered smooth and a coat of finish applied to keep out the dampness.

All this should apply to the selection of legged or pedestal type tables.

Drawers: They should be hand dove-tailed both back and front. The bottom of each drawer should be wood or ply lin. thick, set in a groove. Bars across the centre of the drawer make it slide in and out more easily, and dust panels help to keep out the dust.

Mirrors: Good plate-glass mirrors are less likely to have faults such as waves, bubbles, and color. Guard against the mirror giving a too-deep blue or yellow tinted reflection, for this has a sorry effect on the beholder.

Beds: It's a well-known fact that you spend one-third of your life in sleep, therefore you need a comfortable mattress. It should be soft enough for relaxation, yet firm enough to hold

your body without allowing it to sink too far. It's better to do without something else and buy the best mattress of whatever type you prefer, whether inner-spring, horse-hair, or kapok (when you can get it). If an inner-spring, each metal spring should be encased in a muslin pocket. Hair mattresses may be recommended for heavy people or for those who like quite a firm surface.

Kapok and horsehair mattresses depend much for their success on the kind of wire mattress on which they are placed. These should be reinforced with triple wire bands from corner to corner, and rolled, sag-resistant edges so that they will supply two-thirds of the total spring for complete comfort.

Finishes: Among the principal finishes are french polish, clear varnish, and lacquer. These finishes are to preserve the wood, bring out the beauties of grain, and give color. Wood should not be stained so dark as to hide the grain. (This is done only in cheap work to hide defects.) "Mahogany" finish is merely a name to denote that the wood is treated to look like mahogany.



**THE SPOTLIGHT'S
ON YOUR HAIR**

Don't let dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory." Finger-tip massage with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent dandruff, falling hair, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

**BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous**
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists & Stores



ON YOUR FEET



ALL DAY?

Be fair to your feet! If you subject them to the continual strain of housework and shopping, they need special care. Get a box of Zam-Buk, the famous soothing and healing ointment, and apply this treatment: First—bathe your feet every night in warm water. After thoroughly drying, gently massage the Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Use Zam-Buk regularly—and your feet will never let you down.

Zam-Buk

1/6 at all Chemists and Stores.

Why Cough?

Nature can't HEAL while coughing continues! Coughing causes irritation and damages delicate tissues.

STOP YOUR COUGH!

Y-COUGH
"KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!"
At all Chemists & Stores

DYNAMEL

those dingy cupboards!



Dynamel always goes on smoothly

... never leaves brush marks!

It's easy to brighten up your dingy cupboards with Dynamel. Just a quick coat of Dynamel over that old dark surface — and you have a gleaming, colourful finish that dries hard and bright as a mirror.

And when you're choosing your colour scheme from that brilliant gloss Dynamel range — here's a suggestion. Dynamel the outside of the cupboard in a cool pastel green — with gay, contrasting chairs. Dynamel the inside white or cream. You'll be thrilled at the transformation Dynamel makes!



Anyone can do a good job with Dynamel. It's better than enamel. That brilliant gloss surface dries twice as fast, twice as hard. It's washable.



There's a use for Dynamel in every room

TAUBMANS PAINTS

Best for every purpose

Three quick and easy ways to make your home sparkle



SOLPAH
hard gloss colours wear like iron on floors and lino.



SILVAFROS
heat resistant and rust-proof on all metal work.



TAUBMANS SUPER PAINT
the highest standard for exterior painting.

GASTRIC AND DUODENAL ULCERS.

NEW DIET HELPS RECOVERY.

Medical research into Nutrition and Vitamin Therapy, as applied to Gastric and Duodenal disorders has disclosed the fact that diet plays a dual-purpose role in the patient's recovery. Firstly, the diet must be blood and non-irritant so that it will not interfere with delicate tissues. Secondly, it must provide ample nourishment to guard against physical fatigue and nervous depression. It is imperative that sufferers must be mentally and physically pre-occupied in their normal occupation; and to do this, they must be completely nourished.

The new diet, to provide complete nourishment, includes ENERTONE . . . Vitamin, Mineral and Protein enriched food. Non-irritating and a delight to the palate. Enertone is non-acid-forming and quickly restores stamina, vitality and nervous stability . . . the first stepping stone to recovery. ENERTONE is obtainable from chemists only and costs but 2/6 for a 30 oz. canister.

Pro-Vita ENERTONE

PF3-4

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart. Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling light, falling memory, dizziness, fainting, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are also caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer in this way, start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure. So beatish when and pains, improve circulation, purify your blood, and give you new energy and good health. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Get a 6/6 pack of 60 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 2/6 (12-day) pack of 20, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Staisweet

protects you against all risk of offending

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gives you confidence and natural charm

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The Deodorant Cream You can trust!

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ENSIGN TIES

THE BEST

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SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to

DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 2422.



● To improve circulation in fingers: (1) Clench fingers, making a tight fist, as shown left. (2) Then flex fingers wide before relaxing hand and wrist completely. Repeat this invigorating digit exercise five times for each hand.

● Also for improving circulation. Hold left hand straight, grasp firmly with right hand, as shown left. Then move right hand up toward wrist, continuing to grasp tightly. (2) At same time fan fingers out. Repeat five times each hand.

● (Right) To increase finger flexibility: (1) Grasp corner of single sheet of newspaper in one hand. (2) Gather and crumple whole sheet into tight ball. Repeat three times each hand.

Happy hands to you!

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Specialist

As well as being useful, women's hands were meant to be soft, white, and lovely.

Glance down at your own hands this minute—are you perfectly satisfied with what you see? You know, you are judged by the hands you keep—and how you keep them.

Hands that are well groomed, cared for, and used gracefully are a tremendous asset, and no matter the number of tasks they perform in a single, busy day a planned care programme pays dividends. Wind, weather, work, and water are the hazards; protection, lubrication, massage, and exercise the antidotes.

You may think you are doing everything to keep your hands happy, but are you really?

● Count the number of times in a day your hands touch water. They won't take all that water day after day, particularly if it is hard or strong cleansers are dissolved in it.

Dryness, redness, and coarseness will result, with perhaps breaking or brittle nails.

Of course, we all know the importance of thoroughly drying hands after each dunking and applying a film of hand cream or lotion right away, but we do sometimes forget or skip "just this once."

● In doing household chores, such as dusting, sweeping, vacuuming, which do not necessitate hands in water, get the glove habit. Own and use work-gloves.

If your cuticle tends to dryness and nails to chip or crack, put plenty of cream or oil on; working with gloves over this protective coating will do as much as if you sat and rubbed the stuff in.

● If, for one reason or another, you find it necessary to work without gloves, apply a good protective coating before commencing, rubbing it well into the skin, after-

wards washing in soapy, warm water, soaking for a couple of minutes, then washing once again. Finally, dry thoroughly and again apply lotion or cream.

● Extremely dirty hands may need an abrasive, in which case use sparingly, because improperly used abrasives can cause roughness and even sores.

Use a mild soap and lukewarm water to wash away the abrasive, followed by hand lotion or cream.

● Cold weather chaps the hands, making them rough, red, and sore. One can only wear gloves warm enough to ward off the wintry weather; a mild soap for washing, carefully rinsing it all off. And a lotion of cream before and after going out.

Exercise to stimulate circulation will help, too.

● To promote soft cuticle and unbreakable nails, the old daily dipping in warm oil is as good as anything.

Keep the fingertips in the oil for a few minutes, and then with an orange-stick gently push back the cuticle and work in the oil with the fingertips. Wearing gloves at night with oil or cream on the hands gives excellent results.

A simple trick, if you have brittle, peeling finger-nails, is to massage a little white iodine into the cuticle and nails every night for a couple of weeks, leaving it on all night.

● Perhaps you have stains on your knuckles and fingers or on the backs of your hands. Lemon juice is a mild bleach. Rub it on after your kitchen work and allow the juice to remain on your hands.

● Massage often—with cream or lotion for preference, but without if you have none on hand, in which case make a point of buying some as soon as possible. Why pass up a perfectly good chance to make the hands soft and smooth, at the same time improving circulation and keeping the fingers shapely and flexible, all in the one operation?

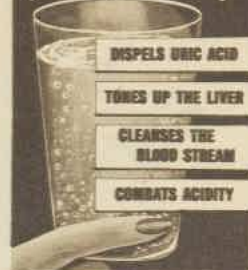
● Try the simple hand exercises given on this page to pretty up your hands and wrists in record time.

● Limbering exercise for graceful wrists: Place medium-sized rubber ball between palms of hands, interlacing fingers as shown. (a) Press palms inward, at same time compressing the ball. (b) Relax pressure, returning to position (a). Repeat six times.

★★★★★★★★

SCHUMANN'S FIRST THING

EVERY MORNING!



DISPELS URIC ACID
TONES UP THE LIVER
CLEANSES THE BLOOD STREAM
COMBATS ACIDITY

THE PRE-WAR SCHUMANN'S IS BACK AGAIN

Pro-war QUALITY. Pro-war EFFICIENCY. Enjoy again your morning glass of SCHUMANN'S, as crystal clear as the waters of the mineral springs 1/6 and 2/6 at all chemists and stores.

Take SCHUMANN'S SALTS for . . .
CONSTIPATION
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LIVER DISORDERS
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HEADACHES
LASSITUDE

SCHUMANN'S SALTS

MINERAL SPRING SALT

S11-4

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION BOILS

SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES

Apply an ANTI-PHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, lessens up stiff aching muscles due to a sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTI-PHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store today.

then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTI-PHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, lessens up stiff aching muscles due to a sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTI-PHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store today.

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EYES BRIGHT

ITS BACK AGAIN THAT EYE-BRIGHT, EYES-BRIGHT LOOK. BRING BRAGGY EYEBROWS INTO LINE.

Two Glamorous Shades . . .
BLACK and BROWN
Smooth-marking Impression

THE SMOOTH-MARKING SHADE

1/3

KATHRYN KING

EVEREY PENCIL

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DON'T LET YOUR GIRL SUFFER

There's no need. Modern Science has produced a wonderful remedy, so effective yet so harmless that those distressing periodic days are a thing of the past. Be sure of the wise, knowing mothers; give your girl a tablet of Midene and see the immediate relief it brings.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

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OATINE

Beauty Creams for Charm & Glamour

★★★★★★★★



*Tastes like
Xmas all the Year*

If it's a Tom Piper Plum Pudding it's choc-a-bloc full of the goodness of Australia's finest dried fruits, eggs, butter, sugar, spices, suet and golden syrup. Tom Piper Plum Puddings taste as Plum Puddings should.. they're the pride and joy of Tom Piper Master-chefs. What a boon they are... a few tins in your pantry and, in a jiffy and all the year round, you can serve a sweet that always "tastes like Xmas". Bear in mind, too, that Tom Piper Plum Pudding is a friend in need when, at short notice, you want a worthy meal for unexpected guests.



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TOM PIPER

Plum Pudding

OTHER TOM PIPER QUALITY PRODUCTS: STEAK & KIDNEY PUDDING, IRISH STEW, BAKED BEANS, SOUPS, SPAGHETTI

Savories for Supper



By
OUR FOOD
and
COOKERY EXPERT

● Supper parties can be fun . . . for you the fun of planning and preparing tempting savory concoctions and appetising titbits . . . for your guests the fun of discovering just what gives those elusive flavors!

PICQUANT savories that enhance your reputation as a hostess need not be costly. Some imagination, ingenious flavor combinations, a light touch, and colorful garnishes add up to savories your guests won't easily forget.

Bases for savories are important—the ones you make yourself from bread, pastry, biscuits, or toast are good . . . variety in shape, color, and texture gives interest to the platter. Here are suggestions for savory bases and cases:

Pastry Cases: Use good short-crust or unsweetened biscuit pastry. Have mixture stiff, roll to water thickness, line small party-tins. Prick bottom well with fork or put in a few dried peas to keep centre from rising. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in hot oven.

Bread Cases: Cut 1 loaf fresh bread into thin slices. Shape with plain or fluted cutter. Dip in melted margarine (or butter when available), press into party-tins. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in a hot oven. Cases should be crisp, firm, and golden-brown.

Canapés: Shapes of fried or toasted bread used as base for savory mixtures. Use day-old bread in slices

barely 1-in. thick. Remove crusts, shape with cutter or sharp knife.

Use club, diamond, spade, and heart-shaped cutters for bridge party supper savories. For a friendly "get-together" evening cut round, square, oblong, or finger-length strips.

Toast or deep fry golden-brown. If deep frying, peanut oil gives a clear golden-brown color and delicate crispness. Drain well on absorbent paper.

Pastry Bases: Good short-crust (or puff pastry bought round the corner!) makes a delicious savory base.

Roll to wafer thinness, cut into shapes, place on an ungreased tray, and bake quickly 8 to 10 minutes in a very hot oven.

SUGGESTED FILLINGS

Pastry or Bread Cases: Sweet corn and green peas—a few breadcrumbs added to absorb excess moisture from corn (see illustration).

Minced creamed chicken, brains, or rabbit, with finely chopped red capicum (see illustration).

Creamed diced brains with chopped celery.

Chopped prawns, oysters, lobster, crab meat, or cooked flaked fish in cream sauce—flavor with a squeeze of lemon juice.

Minced cooked liver and bacon combined with breadcrumbs and tomato puree.

Curried hard-boiled eggs with diced apple and celery.

Suggested Spreads for Canapés:

Loaf cheese cut same shape as canapé—secured with smear of butter or mayonnaise—topped with minced gherkin and red pepper. (See illustration.)

Cream cheese, moistened with milk, well seasoned and mixed with diced celery and capicum. (See illustration.)

Par-boiled salted anchovies, sieved, mixed with a little thick cream sauce or butter and colored pink—a good squeeze of lemon juice to help flavor along. (See illustration.)

Hard-boiled eggs—whites cut in rings for decorative effect—yolks pounded well, extended with mashed potato and flavored with minced onion, onion juice, or chopped chives. Yellow coloring may be added if desired. (See illustration.)

Thin spread of peanut butter, topping of diced ham or bacon.

Minced apple, cheese, and celery—bound with mayonnaise.

SUPPER SANDWICHES

Serve cold or toasted. For rolled sandwiches use fresh bread—other sandwiches use bread one day old.

APPETISING supper or cocktail dainties with a fine variety of flavor . . . anchovy, egg, cream cheese, gherkin, red pepper . . . fried bread shapes form the base. For that winter party add tiny pastry cases filled with savory mixtures . . . serve them piping hot and make lots—they'll vanish in the time it takes to turn round!

Introduce variety with wholewheat, rye, malt, milk, or poppy-seed bread. Fillings should be soft enough to spread easily, but not too soft.

Pack firmly in waxed paper—if made some hours before serving, wrap again in a dry cloth, then a damp one, and store in a cool place or refrigerator.

Sandwich Ideas: Double slices cut in finger lengths, triangles, squares, or fancy shapes.

Slices may be spread, piled high (4 or 5 slices), then cut down into ribbon slices.

For pinwheel sandwiches, cut slices the length of the loaf (using fresh bread). Spread with filling, roll firmly, and cut crosswise into thin slices.

Attractive open-topped sandwiches

can be made by using two cutters. Cut an even number of round shapes.

Make a centre hole in half of them, using a smaller cutter. Spread the whole circles with filling, press circles with centre hole on top, and filling shows through.

Suggested sandwich fillings:

Thinly sliced cucumber, beetroot, and pickled onion.

Minced cold meat, diced celery, mayonnaise to bind.

Creamed brains and chopped walnuts.

Finely grated carrot and minced beef, moistened with horseradish sauce.

Chopped hard-boiled egg with minced onion, eschalo, or chives.

Other savory snacks:

Appetising titbits on cocktail sticks make an attractive centre-piece for your supper table.

Cut a large grapefruit in half—place cut side down on a large platter. Stud the grapefruit with cocktail sticks holding savory snacks. Border with colorful canapés.

Ideas for cocktail stick savories:

Baby onions wrapped in a piece of ham.

Sliced luncheon sausage, spread with mustard pickle and rolled.

Cream cheese mixed with chopped celery—shaped into balls and rolled in finely chopped walnuts, parsley, or mint.

Slices of grilled bacon or ham, spread with peanut butter and rolled.

LONG DRINKS FOR THE VERY THIRSTY

Russian Punch: Combine 2 quarts strong, hot tea, juice of 6 lemons, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon crushed mint leaves. Chill thoroughly. Strain and add 1 quart ginger ale just before serving. Decorate with thin lemon slices (see illustration).

Citrus Punch: Boil 1 cup water with 1 cup sugar for 5 minutes, cool; add juice of 6 oranges and 6 lemons, chill; add 1 quart ginger ale before serving.

Pineapple Fruit Cup: To 2 cups strong tea add 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup pineapple juice, chill. Add 1 quart soda water before serving.

Quantities handy for you to know

One 2lb. sandwich loaf makes 18 double sandwiches—sufficient for 18 persons (allowing 4 small sandwiches a person).

Six ounces butter, creamed and extended by beating in 2 tablespoons warm milk, will spread a 2lb. sandwich loaf.

Six hard-boiled eggs, pounded with a knob of butter, salt, and pepper, will make sufficient filling for 18 double sandwiches.

One pound thinly sliced cooked

meat will make 18 double sandwiches.

Half a pound of pastry rolled to wafer thinness will make approximately 5 dozen savory bases.

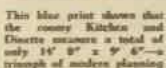
Coffee for 10—allowing 1½ cups a person—takes 8 cups milk, 8 cups water, 6 tablespoons pure coffee, and 1 teaspoon salt.

One pound loaf sugar has approximately 112 pieces—sufficient for coffee for 20 people.

SAVES MONEY



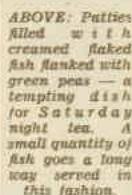
MIXED AND MADE IN A
MOMENT! SIXTEEN PINTS
OF RICH DAIRY MILK
FROM EACH 3-lb. TIN
OF TRUFOOD. NOT A
DROP WASTED!
No Preservatives Added



INSERTED BY THE NATIONAL GAS
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

COOKING..NOT WATER..REFRIGERATION..HEATING

Page 46



FOR breakfast or luncheon . . . delicious croquettes of mashed parsnip flavored with cheese and parsley.

● Try these on the family now: American fish chowder, Viennoise pudding, savory luncheon slice, rhubarb crumb pudding . .

Do you sometimes wonder how to use up that left-over bread?

Save the crusts, dry very slowly in the oven, crush with rolling-pin, and save for crumbing cutlets, fish, or vegetable cakes—and try these.

AMERICAN FISH CHOWDER
Three potatoes, 2 rashers bacon,
2 small onions, 1 teaspoon curry
powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to
taste, 3 cups milk, 1 lb. cooked,
flaked fish, 1 cup breadcrumbs,
grated lemon rind.

Peel potatoes, slice, and cook until soft in salted water to barely cover. Mash and return to water in which they cooked. Mince bacon finely, fry lightly in own fat with minced onion. Add to potato mixture with curry powder, sugar, fish, milk, and salt to taste. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add breadcrumbs to thicken and serve piping hot, sprinkled with grated lemon rind.

RHUBARB CRUMB PUDDING
One and a half pounds rhubarb,
4oz. brown sugar, 2oz. margarine or
butter, 2 eggs, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1
teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon
grated orange or lemon rind.

Wash rhubarb well, cut into short
lengths. Simmer with brown sugar
and 2 tablespoons water until reduced
to a pulp. Add 1/2 cup orange juice,
coarse sugar or beat well. Add
margarine or butter, breadcrumbs,
beaten egg-yolks, cinnamon, and
lemon or orange rind. Fold in
stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into

greased ovenware dish and bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven (375 deg. F.). Dust with castor sugar, serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Dunham, 29 Tamar St., Launceston, Tas.

VIENNOISE PUDDING

One tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon water, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 4 slices stale bread, 3 tablespoons sultanas, 2 tablespoons minced candied peel, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Place sugar and water in pan and heat to rich golden brown. Add milk and warm until caramel dissolves. Allow to cool, add beaten eggs. Remove crusts from bread, cut into dice. Add to milk with sultanas, peel, lemon rind. Pour into greased mould, allow to stand 1 hour. Cover with greased paper and steam gently 11 hours. Serve, hot with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
J. Robinson, c/o Kunghur Post
Office, Turfed River, N.S.W.

SAVORY LUNCHEON SLICE

One thick slice stale bread, butter, cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ banana, 1 rasher bacon.

Spread bread thinly with butter, cover with cheese (sliced thinly). Top with sliced apple and banana, cover with bacon. Place on greased tray, bake slowly in moderate oven until fruit is tender, cheese softened, and bread crisp on the bottom. Serve hot, cut in finger-lengths or squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss
P. Boswell, Box 21, Tumbarumba,
N.S.W.



PIPING-HOT pan-cakes . . . cinnamon flavored and drenched with lemon juice and sugar, have the family waiting to eat them while they still sizzle.

Imagine—in one minute you can shake off that tired, depressed, worn-out feeling caused perhaps by nervous strain, overwork and business or personal worries.

Yes, WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect. WINCARNIS is a marvellous blend of choice, rich wines and leafy extracts. The wonderful effectiveness of WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic", is supported by recommendations from medical men. It builds up your system, by bringing new strength to your brain and nerves from the very first glass. You feel fitter, brighter, more alert. Your normal snap and vim return. Care and worries go. Life seems sweeter—worth enjoying once again. Give yourself a new lease of life. Give yourself a new health and vigour. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS to-day.

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PURE
DELIGHT

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Telephone B2921

Itch Germs

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, blisters, redness, burning, acne, ringworm, sunburns, freckles, head lice, dandruff, dry skin, eczema, hives, skin blemishes. Ordinary treatments give you only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week. It money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed relief from your skin trouble at store or today and receive \$2.00 cash value of skin trouble.

Nixoderm 2'-&4'-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Migraine, Night-Blindness, Headaches, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Disturbed Circulation, Eczema, Skin Diseases, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impeding the vital process of your body's ordinary metabolism. You should know because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't do this. You should know because the only way to get rid of these troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which kills germs—is to take Cystex. It is the only method entirely satisfactory and will be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed.

Get Cystex from your
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 Guarantee
 Dispensary
 New in 2 sizes: 4¢, 8¢.

Cystex
 Rheumatism

Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucaly has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Packed in plain wrapper.

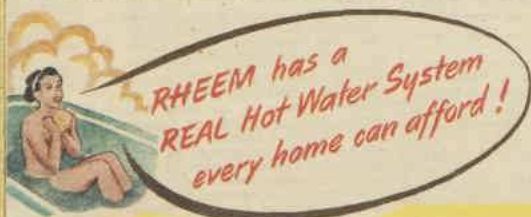
Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASYS CO.
101 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Brrr!

Who'd have a cold bath when there's

HOT WATER ON TAP

That's what a Rheem Automatic Hot Water System means in your home... HOT WATER the instant you want it... how you want it... where you want it (in every room in the house if you wish) 24 hours of the day. Yes, it's as simple as that. Rheem Storage Water Heaters for home installation were originally developed by Rheem in America. Now made in Australia to the latest design Rheem brings to Australian homes the most modern unit of its kind made to-day.



Available in a range of models for domestic or industrial use. Prices range from £20.0.0 to £48.0.0 in Sydney and Melbourne; Country and Interstate orders plus packing and freight. Particulars from Gas Companies, Electricity Undertakings and Hardware Dealers.

RHEEM AUTOMATIC HOT WATER STORAGE SYSTEMS

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M 1541; Brisbane, Q'ld., B 9554

Electric Systems—

**ALAN CROOK ELECTRICAL CO.
PTY. LTD.**
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Rheem Manufacturing Co., (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
Sydney, MU 2431 — Melbourne, Cent. 5646 — Brisbane, JY 1085

WHAT
FUN WE HAD!
RENOVATING WITH
"DULUX"

"DULUX" IN SHORT SUPPLY

Due to scarcity of raw materials, "Dulux" is in short supply at present, and you may experience difficulty in obtaining your requirements. Should you be fortunate in securing "Dulux," you would be wise to use it to the best advantage.



COLOUR MAGIC FOLLOWS THE "DULUX" BRUSH



The synthetic finish

Supersedes Enamels
and Varnishes

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

"What lovely week-ends we spent together, just Jack and I and 'Dulux'! And what we did to our drab and dingy-looking furniture! The 'Dulux' brush, like a magic wand, quickly transformed everything with glorious colour. Now our whole home is smart and modern, a dream of colour harmony just adorable to live with."

"Dulux" flows on easily, evenly; dries quickly; wears better; is easy to keep fresh and lovely.

NERVY, RUNDOWN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Extra minerals in BIDOMAK will build you up. Make this 14 day, no-risk test, and see how quickly you regain health, good spirits and feel on top of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and edgy can't concentrate on his work and has no energy for enjoyment. A wife worries, has sleepless nights, and finds the housework getting her down. . . . a youngster who is nervous, lacks vigour, and just picks at his food—these people are really half-sick, but they don't realise it. They need the rich, red blood cells and extra minerals that BIDOMAK will give them. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to do this in 14 days, or costs nothing. . . . and here's the reason. . . .

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such disorders are often caused by the impoverished blood stream, starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nervous troubles": Weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache, and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral de-

ficiency disappear, and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral deficiency BIDOMAK thus makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "tight" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed, instead of "screwed-up" mentally and tired physically. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle within 14 days of purchase. . . .

Get yours at the
Douglas Drug Co.
Goulburn Street
Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.



THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.



DOUBLE-FLOWERING CHERRY BLOSSOMS, fragrant and beautiful. These lovely trees are very suitable for the cooler parts of the Commonwealth. Other flowering beauties thrive in warmer climes.

It's planting time for . . .

FLOWERING FRUIT TREES

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THERE are few brighter, more colorful, and fragrant species than the flowering fruits such as single and double flowering peaches, plums, cherries, crab-apples, quinces, and almonds.

Many of them have been crossed and grafted and so improved that only the expert can identify them accurately, but they all provide garden gaiety in late winter, spring, and very early summer, and some of them, such as the flowering cherries, crab-apples, and almonds, are most sweetly scented.

Most of those mentioned color the garden long before spring arrives officially, and many of them change color in autumn and thus provide long-lasting brightness with their multi-colored leaves, berries, or fruits.

This early flowering and late fruiting is all to their credit, for it comes firstly when other blooms are scarce, and the autumn leaves and fruit add a touch of gaiety that is unknown among evergreens.

Although planting of most of these trees is a job for June, July, or August, if pot-grown or tin-raised specimens can be bought during May they will strike very

WANTED a "bigger" outlook on radio

If you like your music in portable form you'll choose a mouth-organ in preference to a Wurlitzer and a Jew's harp instead of the philharmonic variety.

It just depends whether, in music, you want perfection or portability. And that's what this advertisement is about. It's about baby (or mantle) radios versus the console—the Tasma Console de Luxe.

Expensive? Depends how you look at it. Depends how you listen. Depends how you rate your enjoyment of music.

Symphony concerts, for instance; or, if symphony leaves you cold, any music that isn't just an echo of joy, jive, and gin. How do you want it? "Reproduced" or real? Do you want an orchestra or a juke box? Do you want technicolor or monochrome? Orchestras or aspidochelons?

A mantle set (and, mind you, Tasma builds the finest "small" sets

in Australia) will give you first-class entertainment. It will enable you to take the racecourse into your bedroom, the stadium on to the back verandah, or "Fats" Waller into your heart. It's certainly portable and—if it's a Tasma—it's the clearest and best reception and reproduction you'll ever get through a small-size speaker.

But it's still a small set. To the man who likes his music as the maestro make it, to those who prefer an honourably (if immovably) emplaced concert grand to a portable piano-acordion, we commend the Tasma Console de Luxe—a radio built for critical listeners—a receiver for people with the ears of a Neville Cardus.

Not far from your home is a Tasma retailer who can demonstrate to you the really extraordinary capacity of this new Tasma. Incidentally, it isn't as costly as you think. Hear it!

Published in the interests of enlightened listening by Thom & Smith Pty. Ltd., makers of really good "small" receivers and even better consoles.

TASMA-46.

LETTERS PATENT
granted for new

COUGH MIXTURE

with 15 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS

Recognising its special formula and manufacturing process, the Commonwealth of Australia has granted Letters Patent to the Douglas Drug Company for their preparation for treating coughs and chest colds. The mixture is a pleasant-tasting blend of fifteen active ingredients selected as the result of careful scientific research for their speed and efficiency in treating coughs and colds.

This mixture has been made available to the general public through chemists and stores under the registered trade mark "MOUNTAIN MIXTURE," and the proprietors guarantee an money-back conditions to give you these benefits:

Clears chest, throat and nose of germ-laden mucus—immediate relief of irritation and coughing spasms—soothes and heals sore, strained throat—makes breathing easy—assists digestion. Am. 2/3; Lge. 2/6.

MOUNTAIN MIXTURE

You knit it!

NEW YORKER Two-way Halo



ABOVE: With one roll tied behind the other, the hat is worn in true halo fashion. A single roll can be worn by itself if you prefer it this way. AT LEFT: For variation, twist the two rolls and obtain this very smart turban effect.

● Nothing could be easier to knit or more effective to wear than this smart two-toned halo. Start now.

...dily, and may even flower before the warm weather comes along.

Those who already have established flowering fruit trees in their garden mostly know that pruning consists chiefly of cutting sufficient blossoms in spring or by shortening the branches after the flowering stage is over. Winter pruning considerably reduces the flower production. For this reason most gardeners who do not cut their flowering fruits heavily for indoor decoration practise summer pruning.

Amygdalus, or flowering almond, is usually the first of the family known as prunus to bloom in late winter or very early spring. It bears its bright pink blossoms thickly along the stems.

Plant at least one in your garden

THE lovely bunches of double and semi-double pink and white flowers of the flowering cherries are very beautiful. They appear to do best in cool, high altitudes where cherries usually fruit and thrive.

Flowering plums are obtainable in many colors, and are famed for the deep coppery reds and browns of their foliage. The blossoms are bright, but not so good as the flowering peaches, cherries, and almonds.

Flowering peaches and quinces make splendid single specimens, and a big flowering crab-apple in full bloom is a sight not easily forgotten. Its fragrance, too, is memorable.

YOU'LL love thinking up your own color schemes when knitting yourself this very versatile little hat. The original was knitted in cherry-red and white, but you might like to try navy and white, lime and navy, or maybe pink and deep violet; in fact, any colors that will tone in with your winter wardrobe.

And note this: It costs but a few pence to make!

Materials: 1 skein "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 1 skein shade No. 1075 (white); 1 pair No. 9 needles; cotton-wool; length of cord.

Tension: 11 sts., 2in.; 16 rows, 2in.

Using r wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 101 sts. Work in moss-st. for 4in. Cast off loosely. Stitch the cast-on and cast-off edges together. Make a roll of cotton-wool, then pad with the cotton-wool before gathering each end and stitching firmly. Using w wool, make another piece the same way.

Using 2 lengths of cord, stitch one each end of rolls and tie at back of head. These can be worn one on top of the other, or twisted as desired.

LOOK FOR THE LANRAY BRAND



when purchasing ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS

It stands for the most dependable name in high quality Aluminium Cooking Utensils. Made of heavy gauge metal with cast aluminium bakelite covered handles, a wide range in various sizes is now available.

SAUCEPANS . . . FRYING PANS . . . BREAD BINS . . . BOILERS, ETC.

Obtainable from all leading stores through the distributors:

LANCE RAYMOND PTY. LTD.,

Hargrave Street, Sydney.
Shell Corner, Melbourne.

Patons KNITTING BOOK NO. 206 . . .



Imagine...

This trim little jumper knitted in Patons Beehive Fingering - 3 ply. It is designed for a busy life and has those lovely lines which are the aim of every well dressed woman. Price of book, 6d. - posted, 7½d. Obtainable from all leading drapers or direct from —

PATONS & BALDWIN LTD.

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Mends almost
ANYTHING!



Instantly and permanently mends all kinds of breakages—crochery, china, kitchenware, furniture, toys, jewelry, fabrics, water piping, car parts, etc. The most powerful adhesive known. Resists moisture, acids, alkalis and extreme heat. Get a tube NOW — something may break to-day. Available everywhere.

INSPIRATION

Perfumes

MY DREAM

by Jean Didier

Traditionally FRENCH Perfumes

AT ALL LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS

Heaven Scent

Always at hand!

A 12oz. tin of Sunshine gives you 4 pints of Sunshine full cream milk



HAVE YOUR SUNSHINE LID!
There is an urgent need to conserve tinplate and, until further notice, 12oz. tins of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk will be sold without outer lids. This will not in any way affect the quality of the product as it is hermetically sealed and will, therefore, reach users in perfect condition. It is suggested, however, that when the tin is opened, the lid from an old tin should be used to ensure the keeping qualities. So don't let it get—save your Sunshine lid!



1. Add 2 heaped tablespoons of Sunshine to a little less than a pint of water
2. Whisk briskly with a fork or beater and
3. You have a full pint of rich full cream liquid milk

Whenever you need milk—for drinks, for cooking, for any household purpose—reach for your tin of **SUNSHINE**. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk is rich, creamy country milk from which only the water has been extracted. Restore the water as directed on the tin, and you have full cream liquid milk once more.

Sunshine

full cream
powdered milk

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Copyright 1946

Page 50

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 15, 1946

Fashion PATTERNS



F4282.—Smart woollen suit with soft, easy lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4284.—Attractive, well-cut blouse to accompany your winter suits, skirts, and slacks. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4285.—Coccy, long-sleeved frock for small girl. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide and ½yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/5.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and the Model Hat may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on this page.



F4285



"SUZY"
Model hot with new, feminine appeal. Send for it now!
Price, 29/11

Smart, lovely "Suzy" has been created for your immediate wear by a notable French milliner.
Choose from these colors: Duchess-blue with black and pink taffeta frou-frou; mist-pink with black or navy contrast; navy with pastel blue and red frou-frou; brown with pink and brown frou-frou; black with pink and black frou-frou; and olive-green with green, yellow, and red frou-frou.
Price, 29/11, plus 2/- postage.

F4283.—Eye-catching ski-ing outfit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide check and 1½yds. 54in. wide plain. Pattern, 1/10.

F4286.—Trim little frock for all-day winter wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide and ½yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns or Model Hat (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.
Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4812, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4887, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



F4286

Happy days ahead

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.



The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



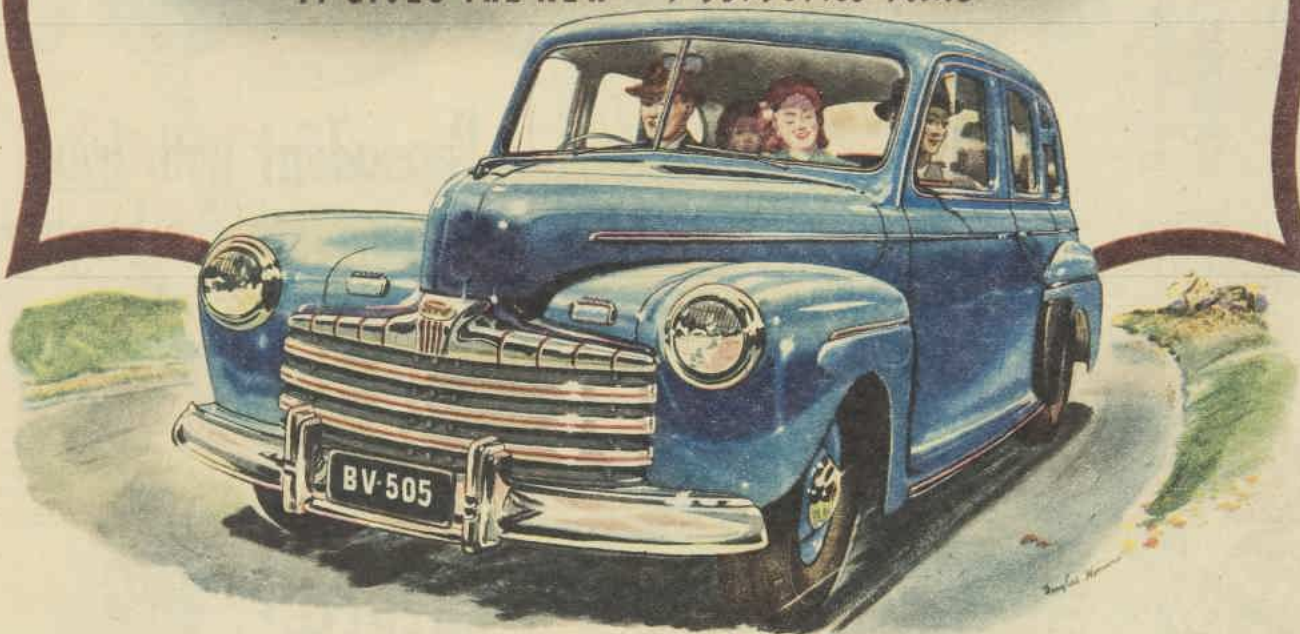
Brings faded hair to sparkling life and richer colour in 15 minutes. Only 7d. everywhere—including special Toninz to suit your colouring.

Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ
AT CHEMISTS STORES & HAIRDRESSERS

IT'S *Bigger* . . . IT'S *Roomier*



IT GIVES THE NEW *"Airborne Ride"*



IT'S THE GREATEST *Ford V8* IN MOTORING HISTORY

It's bigger, it's roomier, it's more luxurious, it's an entirely different car from the Ford V8 you knew pre-war. It is 2 inches longer in wheelbase and wider. The front seat is 6 inches wider and the rear seat is 4½ inches wider. There is more head room, yet the car is lower to the ground. An additional 23% of Safety Glass gives a new "Panoramic View" for all passengers. The luxury and taste of the interior have an unmistakable mark of quality and comfort.

Never have you experienced such restful comfort or such smoothness as you will enjoy in the new "Airborne Ride" — the outcome of technical advancements in springing, stabilising and shock absorbing in a car which is longer and lower to the ground. Inside . . . outside . . . all the way through . . . this new Ford is brilliantly advanced in style and engineering. We invite you to get really acquainted with the Ford in your Future. See your Ford dealer today.



FORD V8
DE LUXE AND SUPER DE LUXE SEDANS

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INC. IN VIC.) REG. OFFICE GEELONG VICTORIA